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FERDINAND, VII.
KING OF SPAIN.
Born at St. Ildefonso. October. 13th 1784.

London Pubd by Treuttel, Wurtz & Co.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE BARON DE KOLLI,

RELATIVE TO

HIS SECRET MISSION IN 1810, FOR LIBERATING FERDINAND VII. KING OF SPAIN, FROM CAPTIVITY AT VALENCAY.

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

MEMOIRS OF THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA,

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

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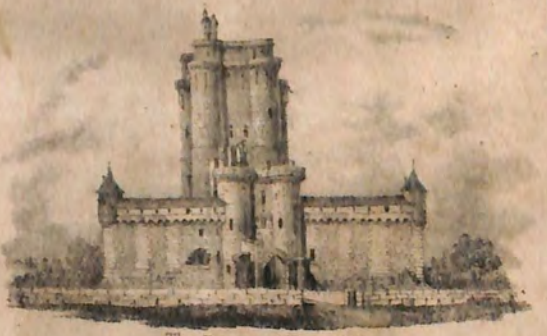

The Donjon of Vincennes

LONDON:

TREUTTEL AND WÜRTZ, TREUTTEL, JUN. AND RICHTER,
30, SOHO SQUARE.

Howlett and Brimmer, Printers, Frith Street, Soho.

1823.

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BY THE

ENGLISH EDITOR.

THE MEMOIRS OF BARON KOLLI, in their original state, formed little more than a species of diplomatic note, intended to be confined to the different courts of Europe, to whom copies of it were addressed; his correspondence and credential letters, the authentic declarations, official reports, &c. &c. occupied much the larger portion, and the author had limited himself to connecting the series of documents, by a dry chronological detail of the different acts of his mission.

In determining to submit them to the public, the author has been induced to enter into such details as would be likely to excite the attention of the general reader, and make him enter feelingly into the interest of his situation. As a literary production, the work has little pretension; the author's style is unaffected, and occasionally, we think, rather happy. He has avoided those tiresome digressions and interminable details, which distract the attention, and weary the patience of a reader. Brevity is a species of merit so rarely to be found in writers who relate their own adventures, that M. de Kolli deserves full credit for his attention to that quality.

As a curious historical document, relative to a secret mission of the highest consequence at the period it was undertaken, and of which, from its nature, scarcely any thing was previously known in this country, these Memoirs appear to the Editor to present no inconsiderable interest to the English reader. What effect might have been produced, had the mission proved successful, by the king's return to Spain at that moment, it is difficult to conjecture, and would be idle now to speculate upon. Judging from the events which have taken place since his return in 1814, in which his

majesty has personally so much implicated himself, there are probably not a few who will think that the result of the contest between France and Spain, under the supposition alluded to, would have been very different. It is probable, however, that his presence would have prevented the establishment of a constitution, whose defects are now admitted on all hands; which has been to Spain herself the alternate source of proscription, and of civil war; the cause of that unequal combat in which she is now engaged, and which will probably terminate in placing her (as it has already done other kingdoms which adopted it) under a foreign influence of the most degrading character.

The authenticity of these Memoirs in their main facts has been admitted in the fullest manner by Napoleon himself, according to the report given by Mr. O'Meara, which is here transcribed:

"July 11, 1817."—"Saw Napoleon in his writing-room. Had some conversation touching Ferdinand of Spain and the baron Kolli. Kolli, said he, was discovered by the police, by his always drinking a bottle of the best wine, which so ill corresponded with his dress and apparent poverty, that it excited a suspicion amongst some of the spies, and he was arrested, searched, and his papers taken from him. Amongst them was a letter from * * *, inviting him to escape, and promising every support. A police agent was then dressed up, instructed to represent Kolli, and sent with the papers taken from him, to Ferdinand; who, however, would not attempt to effect his escape, although he had no suspicion of the deceit practised upon him.*"

The Memoirs of the Queen of Etruria, a sister of the monarch whose deliverance it was Baron Kolli's object to effect, may be regarded as an interesting supplement, and also as an addition to the Royal Memoirs, lately collected of another branch of the Bourbon family.

London, August, 1823.

* O'Meara's Napoleon in Exile, vol. 2, p. 119.—Copies of the various papers published by the French government in the Moniteur of April 26, 1810, respecting the affair of Valençay, may be found in Nelleto's (Llorente) *Memoires pour servir à l'Histoire de la Revolution d'Espagne*, vol. ii. pages 310—340.

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MEMOIRS

OF

THE BARON DE KOLLI.

CHAPTER I.

Ferdinand VII. at Valençay.

BY the treaty of Bayonne, that iniquitous act, by which the usurpation of the throne of Spain appeared to be consummated, Ferdinand VII. was at least allowed to choose his future residence. But would not this illustrious victim have excited in foreign courts that double interest which is attached to virtue and misfortune? Would not the indignation of all Europe have been excited in his favor? Such were the apprehensions

of the oppressor of the Bourbons. The king of Spain remained in confinement, and it was at Valençay that he suffered this odious consequence of treachery.*

It has been asserted, that this residence was maliciously selected by the emperor, from a feeling of spite towards M. de Talleyrand, its proprietor, for the opposition he had manifested to the war against Spain. This is a great mistake: the prince of Benevento never opposed any war which Napoleon wished to undertake; an expedition against Spain never had in his eyes the character of injustice and fatality, except recently, when its object was to overturn the monstrous work of the Revolution, and to restore a legitimate sovereign to his liberty and his rights.

To our conception, Bonaparte's idea was on this occasion much rather to reward a

* The king was sent there accompanied by the Infants Don Antonio, Don Carlos, and Don Francisco, under an escort of gendarmes.

complaisant minister, than to punish a disagreeable counsellor.

It would really be difficult to discover what cause of complaint could be furnished to the prince of Benevento by the residence of Ferdinand at Valençay. Is it not notorious that the rent of this domain cost the royal family 50,000 francs per month? that at the period of the king's arrival, the *chateau* was in the most complete state of dilapidation, and that he had it furnished immediately in a style becoming a prince? The carpets alone which were laid down are estimated at 200,000 francs. The village, which is now called the town; the hydraulic engine which supplies the chateau with water; the repairs of the church; the plantations in the garden, are all so many proofs of his munificence; and yet he was obliged to pay even for the vegetables of the kitchen garden.

The king's resources were drained by

every kind of imposition, which were also used as an engine of oppression.* The measures of the police were more direct and more strongly felt.

The guard of the king and the Infantas was entrusted to a staff officer, whose real functions were disguised under the title of *commandant of the royal establishment;* this agent of the ministers, or rather of the general police, detained the originals of all letters addressed to, or written by, his catholic majesty, and only delivered or forwarded the copies. It is easy to conceive

* The following is another notable expedient with the same view:—M. Roux, the *homme d'affaires* of M. de Talleyrand, was paid 6,000 francs from the king's privy purse, in return for receiving at Paris the annual pension which had been settled upon his majesty, by the treaty of Bayonne.

Was it for the trouble he took in managing this business that M. Roux is indebted for the Spanish order whose decoration he wears, or for certain financial services rendered to his patron?

the consequences of such a system of tyranny. On the one hand, the king could receive no news from Spain that was not of a nature to give him pain, and deprive him of all hope; and on the other, the falsification of his correspondence by the police enabled it to give currency, under the king's name, to every piece of imposture which it wished to be credited, as to his situation and secret wishes. The sequel of these Memoirs will furnish more than one instance of the justice of this double assertion.

The choice of a commandant at Valençay did not always fall upon a man whose delicate feelings, and truly liberal education, would make the odious part of his duty forgotten. Bonaparte required of the gaoler of Ferdinand, nothing beyond tried zeal, and unlimited devotedness. The recollection of the following little anecdote has often served to amuse the Infant Don Antonio, long after his liberation. On a fine summer's

day, his royal highness had gone out, and being tempted by the pleasure of the walk, which was also necessary for his health, had ventured to stray a little beyond the bounds of his prison; the officer, who perceived him at some distance, came running up in great haste, and saluting him, called out, "Cover yourself, my lord." The Infant had taken off his hat, on account of the extreme heat, and the commandant took advantage of the circumstance to enter into conversation with him; but his embarrassed and anxious manner sufficiently explained the motives of his eagerness.

Numerous brigades of gendarmerie were posted all round the environs of Valençay; every traveller was subjected to the most rigid examination, and the smallest irregularity in their passports occasioned the most unheard-of annoyances. I was told, that a merchant of Bourdeaux was obliged to turn back and take another road, because Fouché's

myrmidons did not find that his nose was so aquiline as his passport described it.

The king bore, with a very bad grace, the daily annoyances which were put upon him; his natural vivacity made it difficult for him to listen to the dictates of prudence; but the continual study to contain himself enabled him to acquire that strength of mind, against which the arrows of adversity are now falling powerless. His occupations were all of the fittest kind to lighten the weight of a great misfortune, or to charm the long and tedious hours of captivity. A part of the day was spent in reading. By meditating on the revolutions of former ages, he learned to appreciate the events passing under his own observation; he saw by what immutable order, thrones founded on usurpation and supported by violence, have fallen and disappeared; history, therefore, which he consulted for lessons of conduct, served to feed him with hopes.

In order, however, to tarnish the lustre of his virtues, the spirit of falsehood dictated to the journals of the day, articles so evidently perfidious as at once to disclose their authors. According to these docile reporters, *the prince of Asturias was so happy to live under the equitable laws of his august friend, that he preferred his present situation to the lustre of a throne.*

How was it possible for Ferdinand to consider as his friend, the perfidious conqueror who had torn him from his people, and detained him in captivity before the face of indignant Europe? So horrible an outrage was the subject of public execration; and that day already dawned in the horizon, which was to witness the downfal of the imperial criminal, and the triumph of proscribed virtue!

The genius of evil, suddenly awakened in the midst of a terrible dream, is writhing under the lash of the avenging furies....

The continued ringing of his bell awakens a minister overpowered by fatigue, who runs at the alarm; he presents himself and is thus addressed:

"You tell me that the prisoner of Valençay rises superior to adversity, and that in spite of our efforts, he excites very general interest, even in France; it seems to be matter of astonishment that he is not admitted to my court, and that notwithstanding his formal renunciation of his rights to the crown, I retain him and his family at the extremity of my states, as if I was afraid of the sight of him, or of the contrast between his virtue and my glory! Let it be your business to destroy these impressions, which displease me, and to deprive this prince of an esteem of which I am not at all jealous, but which I regard as contrary to my interests, and the honor of my crown."*

* Extract from the Secret Papers of the Cabinet of St. Cloud.

The minister on his return home postpones until the following day, the composition of the chef-d'œuvre which is required of him, dwelling by anticipation on the display of the resources in which his genius is so fertile: but conceive his surprise on shortly after receiving from his master a plan rapidly conceived, and expressed in a single proposition, equally laconic and instructive!

Anxious to facilitate its execution, he immediately summons an under minister,* a dangerous rival of whom he is jealous, but who possesses in the master's favor, a counteracting influence which balances his own. Although divided by interest, interest brings them together: they forget their resentments, and combine their united intelligence to effect the object. The minister revolts at the expedient, either from a wish to affect modesty, or that he dislikes a plan

* M. Desmarest.

which he has not himself originated. The under-minister admires genius even in the immorality of its creations; he rises superior to all scruples, and triumphs over every objection. Besides, of what consequence is it to him? he will have the pleasure of doing evil while another will bear the blame.

Let me proceed with my task..... But how can I finish the picture which I have sketched? I could wish to exhibit it in an obscure light; I would rather throw a veil over indecencies; and yet it seems necessary to explain the sudden indignation of Ferdinand, and the contemptuous look he threw upon half-naked women. The reader will guess the rest; he will understand that a corrupt government, wishing to deprive Ferdinand of his peace of mind, and of virtuous consolation, dispatched a swarm of venal beauties, selected from the public seraglios of the modern Babylon, with a view to

seduce him * but knowing the religious principles which characterise the king, he will also readily comprehend what was the result of this scandalous attempt.

To the displeasure which this circumstance excited in his majesty, was shortly added the apprehension of being separated from the Infants. The consolation which he derived from their society, was of itself a motive to instigate the measure, and the insidious policy of Bonaparte would not have wanted pretexts to justify it; but, however great might be the king's resignation, was it possible for him to feel otherwise than most acutely, at the very idea of losing these last

* This was not the only object: Bonaparte's was *positive*, and the beauties of the Palais Royal *might* do something more. The Princess de Talleyrand informed the king that they brought with them that poison which in former days gratified the vengeance of an injured husband on Francis I.

objects of his affection? Hitherto he had never even suspected that in his situation a greater misfortune could happen to him! Ferdinand never supposed that another crime was *necessary*..... Was it possible for the princes of his race to be ignorant that revolutionary assassins do not even plead the vulgar excuse of necessity?.... The blood of the Duke d'Enghien was still reeking: and Ferdinand has since learned how narrowly he also escaped being sent to Vincennes.

How much ought the French, who only judged Bonaparte from his brilliant exterior, now to deplore the error which led them astray? But what do I say? Those who admired his vain glory could not know the extent of his disloyalty; if their eyes could have penetrated the veil which covered the secret acts of his government, they would have detested their own triumphs, and cast away the laurels with which he bound their brows. And what man can avoid feeling

indignation at the recital of the events which occasioned the war in Spain? What soldier obliged to fight against the Spaniards has not deplored his fatal duty? The peninsula, which after centuries of war, seemed to have fallen into the bonds of indolence, was suddenly roused by a feeling of the greatest iniquity; her soldiers were few, but her citizens were numerous; the want of arms was supplied by courage, and of discipline by enthusiasm. Her provinces were conquered, but not a Spaniard had submitted.

This state of public feeling was not unknown to his catholic majesty. As the police threw no obstacles in the way of his receiving the French journals, being quite aware of the influence under which they were written, the king had no great difficulty in penetrating the real state of affairs, through the false colouring, which these slavish journals gave to the truth. Spain, accord-

ing to the bulletins, was occupied by a numerous army, submitting without resistance to the law of the conqueror, and gradually getting accustomed to the yoke. Immediately following such and similar statements, whose only object was to deceive Europe, appeared the following decree :

" Considering that the Council of Castille has shewn in the exercise of its functions equal falsehood and weakness..... and that it has had the baseness to declare, in the face of Europe and posterity, that it had only subscribed the act of renunciation of the crown of Spain by the prince of Asturias, under secret protests and with mental restrictions :

" We have decreed, and decree as follows :

" Article I. The members of the council of Castille are dismissed.

" Article II. The president, and the king's attorney shall be retained as hostages.

"From this decree are nevertheless excepted, such members of the said council as have not signed the protest of the 11th of August, 1808," &c.

This document was a sufficient indication that Ferdinand had not been forgotten by his people. The members of the council had acted in conformity to public opinion, and Spain was still strong, when in the face of her conqueror she dared to proclaim the name of her sovereign.

Such a proof of attachment could not but sensibly affect the king. His joy, though constrained, was not less lively, and futurity appeared to him under less gloomy colours.

Bonaparte could no longer shut his eyes to the numberless obstacles which prevented the accomplishment of his plans; but with equal pride and insensibility, he preferred resisting the evidence of facts, to the confession that he was mistaken. He continued therefore to pour into Spain his hitherto in-

vincible legions. He did not, however, rely entirely on his armies for putting down a nation which had risen *en masse* against him, and which was supported in the struggle by the whole force of Great Britain. He had recourse to the artifices of diplomacy, and the spies of the police. He employed secret agents to corrupt, if not the members, at least the spirit, of the Cortes. By exciting dissentions in that body, in which all authority was centered, he hoped to destroy that harmony and unity which constitute the strength, and secure the duration, of states.

It is not my business to examine how far the influence of Bonaparte extended; I leave that to more able or better informed pens. It is sufficient for me to say, that the Central Junta, by its vigorous administration, sustained the social edifice which political fanatics were everywhere undermining. It allowed them to range in the dark and boundless regions of metaphysics, and used all the

means in its power to chain the hydra of anarchy.

The king, being unable to unite his efforts with those of the Junta, endeavoured at least to aid it by his advice. He transmitted secret instructions to several of his subjects, of whom Bonaparte's government appeared to have no suspicion: and, using his royal prerogative, although a prisoner, sent them passports. This attempt entirely failed, from accidental causes, which it is not my business to enter into here. I must speak at greater length of Señor Amezaga, who was then at Valençay.

The police, who regarded him as a fit person for their object, from his easiness of character, and his apparent favor with the king, determined to gain him over to their interests. At first he was treated with a considerable degree of severity, in order to lull suspicion with regard to him; but a number of secret attentions, and the most captivating offers,

were held out to ensure his speedy seduction; and matters soon came to that pass that an opportunity was only wanting, to turn these able manœuvres to account.

The king, who was very attentive to every thing that was passing around him, laughed internally at the artifices of the enemy, and took a pleasure in deceiving him, by putting him on a wrong scent. At the same time, ready to seize the opportunity of laboring for the happiness of his people, he entrusted Señor Amezaga, whose real intentions were known to him, with orders, which he was to transmit to the Spanish generals, and to the members of the Junta.

Señor Amezaga was too confident in himself to be sufficiently on his guard against the snares which had been laid for him. He never betrayed his master's secrets; but the continued action of the police left its impression on his mind, and was the cause of the great faults which he subsequently committed.

The powers which he delegated in the king's name, greatly exceeded those which were given to himself, and were turned to a purpose* altogether foreign to their real object.

A want of proper form and legalization, which was detected by the Duke de l'Infantado and Don Pedro Cevallos, then in London, made the whole affair fall to the ground. It had been originally entrusted to a Mr. T...., who united with him Messrs. D.... and Ch..... The two latter became the victims of their confidence and zeal, and not only encountered the consequences of an unjust prejudice on the part of the Junta, but were arrested, and kept in prison, until the return of the king in 1814.

As to Amezaga, to whom the whole blame was imputable, he finished his life in a most deplorable manner, after an unsuccessful attempt to regain his majesty's favor.

* A considerable loan in Spanish America.

CHAPTER II.

The author's mission; he repairs to England, through France and Holland.

THE attempts of which we have just spoken were not of a nature to remain long secret; but they also increased the suspicions, and the precautions of the police with respect to the royal prisoner. They; at the same time, drew the particular attention of His Britannic Majesty towards Valençay, and the deplorable predicament of Ferdinand VII. The cabinet of St. James's, much more clear-sighted in that point than Bonaparte, felt the close connection between the salvation of Spain and the liberation of the king. Policy, as well as humanity, made it therefore be felt as a duty to try every means to effect the latter.

Having at different periods been employed in secret missions in France, in Italy, and in Germany, I had given sufficient pledges of my fidelity and devotion to the cause of the Bourbons, and of royalty, to prevent the English ministers from being afraid to entrust me with the plan it had conceived to liberate Ferdinand. The answers which I gave to the first overtures that were made to me on the subject, were perfectly satisfactory to them, and it was settled that I should repair to England, there to concert the means of carrying it into effect.

This was in the month of November 1809. Having made every preparation for my journey, I resolved to go by way of Antwerp, whence I conceived I should find little difficulty in joining the English expedition at Walcheren. Later advices, which informed me of delays in the receipt of my letters, acquainted me with the period that had been fixed for the return of the fleet. I had still

a month at my disposal, which I employed in collecting useful information.

Some unforeseen difficulties compelled me to take a road, which by its military position was then subjected to a most active *surveillance*. I was fortunate enough to escape its influence; but in the critical situation in which Antwerp was placed, I had reason to fear that my residence there would excite suspicion; following the advice which was given me, I repaired to a convent of Trappists, at a short distance from that city.

The superior of the convent of Westmall, did honor to the recommendation of his abbé; I received the most delicate attentions from him, and he neglected no means to preserve me from the fangs of the police, which had more than once carried its researches into the interior of these peaceful abodes.

In the daily visits which I paid to Antwerp, to inquire after the despatches which I ex-

pected, chance led me to form an acquaintance with a young man, whose conversation and manners I was particularly pleased with. I cultivated his friendship, and his communications regarding the state of his affairs inspired me with the desire of being useful to him.

M. Albert de Saint B * * * was still at the age when a noble and generous action makes the heart beat; his countenance was mild and expressive of openness; nature had been liberal to him in the qualities that please, and education had added those which attract. For the purpose of avoiding the conscription, he had taken refuge in the administration of the *materiel de la guerre,* in which he had acquired a variety of information, which was likely to be very useful to me in the fulfilment of my orders.

I made him a proposal to accompany me as a secretary, which he accepted. His acquaintance with several marine officers gave me the idea of putting his courage to the

test. While sauntering about the port of Antwerp, I had observed a gun-brig anchored farther off than the others, and consequently more liable to be taken by surprise. I ventured to throw out a reflection on the facility of getting possession of her in the middle of the night, and by that means of getting to Walcheren, taking advantage of the tide. Albert immediately offered to second me, and even engaged to obtain the assistance of one of his friends, whom he knew to be dissatisfied with his situation. Success was certain, if I had persisted in my plan, or rather if I had not had to manage powerful interests, and to follow another direction.

This circumstance, which I have purposely mentioned, increased my esteem for Albert; I fancied that I could rely on his resolution, and even on his audacity. I was deceived; M. de Saint B * * * has since proved to me that he had that self-love which undertakes without reflection, but not that constancy

which perseveres in danger. I should add, that, if ever there was a man whose brilliant qualities would deceive an attentive observer of them, M. de Saint B * * * was one. Perhaps the circumstances in which he was placed are to blame, as not allowing him to exhibit himself in a more favorable light.

In the meantime, the letters which I expected did not make their appearance, and every evening I returned to the convent with an increased load of anxiety, as to the causes of a delay which I could not explain. At last, in the beginning of December, I received a case of books, and in the middle of a volume of Marmontel, the leaves of which had been carefully pasted together, I found my final instructions.

I set out immediately for Holland. At four leagues from Antwerp, we stopped at a village, which then bounded the two states. Just as we sat down to table, I overheard, in an adjoining apartment, two

strangers, one of whom was telling his travelling companion, in German, that the gendarmes were in the habit of coming daily to the inn where we were, in order to examine the passports. We were not in a situation to wait for them. Albert had no passport, and mine, besides being only for travelling in the interior, bore a description which differed from mine in the colour of the eyes, in the stature, and in the complexion.

I immediately made a signal for Albert to follow me, and sallied out of the inn by the yard, at the very moment that the gendarmes were entering by the principal gate. After directing the postillion to overtake us on the high road, we proceeded leisurely toward a rivulet, which I knew to be the limit of the extreme frontier. I was preparing to cross it, when a custom-house guard appeared on a neighbouring bridge; one of them called out to us in a very rough way to approach; there was no longer room for

hesitation, I took a spring, and reached the opposite side safe and sound; Albert was not so fortunate, and did not rejoin me till he had measured the depth of the stream.

We continued walking for some time across the fields, but the sight of our carriage determined us at last to return to the high road. The postillion hastened to inform us of the alarm our disappearance had occasioned at the inn, of the eagerness of the gendarmes to pursue us, and the fears which he had on his own account. The custom-house officers, not thinking that he belonged to us, searched him but slightly.

As this adventure was likely to make a noise, and to be attended with bad consequences to us, in a kingdom which was then under the administrative influence of the French government, I deemed it advisable to take the road to Rotterdam. There I hoped to find an opportunity of repairing to Middel-Harnaas, in the small island

of Over-Flaké, from thence to the mouth of Biesbos, and finally to the isle of Walcheren.

The burgo-master of Rotterdam, to whom I was obliged to apply for a *visa*, examined me a long time, with an air which might have been taken for suspicion. He was surprised that a confidential person *(homme de confiance,)* which was the quality of the person who had given me his passport) could not write. I told him that a wound which I had received in the hand prevented me from holding the pen, but that I made the best shift I could. My answer made him smile, but he made no observation on my description, whose accuracy it would have been rather difficult for me to have satisfied him of.

The master of a felucca of ten tons, to whom I first applied, demanded an extravagant sum for carrying us to Walcheren; which he justified on account of the risks he had to run on quitting Biesbos. I made an

agreement with him to go as far as Middel-Harnaas, reserving to myself to judge of the danger, when I should be on the spot.

On my arrival at Over-Flaké, I took a stroll along the shore; about sixty feluccas had been anchored there for more than three weeks, not daring to venture out to sea. A French privateer and a Dutch frigate entirely interrupted the communication with Walcheren and England. The conviction, which I thus acquired personally, left me but a melancholy perspective. I tried, however, to tempt the master by a large sum; he accepted it, but as will be seen, it was the temptation of a larger profit which induced him to expose himself.

We came to an agreement; the felucca, although anchored at the point of Gorée, under the cannon of a redoubt, in sight of the frigate, and within pistol-shot of the privateer, was to set sail the same evening.

Under that impression we immediately

repaired on board. All night the wind remained contrary; at noon it changed a little, but I could not prevail upon the master to push out to sea. His resolution appeared to me to be quite changed, and a sudden degree of anxiety appeared to pervade the whole crew. In the evening I learned, with excessive chagrin, that unless the privateer moved from her station, we should remain where we were. I had reason to fear that every instant the English squadron might leave the coast of Zealand, and that the French would regain possession of the island. This apprehension became the more alarming, because the orders of the French general, who commanded in that division of the Western Scheldt, prescribed the most rigid *surveillance* over all travellers, and directed the immediate trial of any one found with English papers. To crown our anxiety, the privateer, close to which we were anchored, appeared to have some suspicions of our

proximity. In order to escape observation, I put on the dress of a common sailor, and by favor of that disguise, I could observe without risk what was passing on board of her.

The second day was about to close without bringing any change in our situation, when we heard a singular noise in the hold. I went down with Albert, and saw about twenty pigs, which they had taken the precaution to muzzle, but which had become quite ungovernable, from having fasted eight and forty hours. In the same den were piled up loads of vegetables, and baskets of poultry; it was a complete cargo prepared for the English. The prospect of taking it to a good market had not been sufficient to induce the skipper to give the slip to the privateer, I immediately returned upon deck, with the intention of making a last effort to rouse this most phlegmatic sailor. He was laying in his cabin, in the midst of a dozen

sailors. I stopped to look at this disgusting hole.....An open press attracted my attention; a dozen muskets, as many swords, and some bottles of liquor laid about in it. I approached this press on tiptoe, softly locked the door, and putting the key in my pocket, immediately went to the other end of the vessel, to concert with Albert a plan, the idea of which struck me at the moment. As a desperate effort was our only means of safety, we fixed midnight to carry it into effect, whether the wind should be favorable or not.

The critical moment arrived; having ascertained that the crew were still asleep, we descended cautiously into the cabin; Albert, armed with a musket, stood sentinel at the door of our arsenal, and for greater security I shut up the skipper and his companions in their hut. On returning on deck, I gave a kick with my foot to the sailor on guard, who was sleeping under the helm,

ordered him to rise, to hoist the sail, cut the cable, and put out to sea. "Obey, or you are a dead man." Astonished, like a man who fancied himself in a dream, he tried to lay hold of the end of my musket, which I withdrew quickly; not leaving him time to reflect, I repeated my orders in a tone to frighten him. The poor wretch pleaded the bad weather, the privateer, the frigate—in short, he refused. I cocked the musket, and was about to take aim.....But the imminence of the danger conquered his irresolution; we were soon under way, and the "*Who goes there?*" of the sentinel of the privateer was a proof that we had run close to her in passing.

The night was stormy, the bar dreadful. One sailor being quite insufficient to manage the vessel, I opened the trap door of the cabin. The master was the first whom fright and Albert's threats brought upon deck; I was shortly surrounded by the whole crew,

who shouted with joy at the sailor's account. The storm diminished gradually at sun-rise, and at noon we had the pleasure of discovering the first sails of the English fleet close to Veer.

A boat, commanded by a midshipman, came alongside of us; I requested him to let the admiral know that I had dispatches for the government, and that I was desirous of going to London by the first vessel. In less than an hour I was on board the *Sabrina* frigate, and under way for the Thames.

CHAPTER III.

The author's residence in England.

I ARRIVED in London on the last day of December, 1809, and next day addressed the following letter to his royal highness the Duke of Kent:—

"The letter which I have the honor to transmit enclosed, will inform your royal highness how eager I am to pay my respects to you. I venture to hope that your royal highness will grant me an audience, and furnish me with such instructions as are likely to procure my speedy dispatch for the interest of the state, and of an illustrious prisoner."

To which I received this answer:—

"Colonel Vesey, private secretary to his royal highness the Duke of Kent, has the

honor to inform the Baron de Kolli, that his royal highness, on reading his letter, and the very important one which accompanied it, determined immediately to receive the baron at his country house at Castlebear-hill Lodge, near Great Ealing, on Sunday next, about noon. Colonel Vesey requests the baron to accept the sentiments of his high consideration.

" *Castlebear-hill Lodge,*
" *January 3rd,* 1810."

The gracious and friendly reception which I met with from his royal highness penetrated me with gratitude. The assurances which he gave me of the sentiments of the king, his august father, sufficiently proved to me that he would let slip no occasion of displaying the particular interest which he took in the illustrious family of the Bourbons.

It was settled, that as soon as I had received the orders of the Marquis Wellesley,

to whom I had written, informing him of my arrival, his royal highness would take an opportunity of conversing with him more particularly as to various circumstances, which formed the subject of the confidential letter which I had brought for his royal highness.

A few days afterwards I received the following note:—

"Lord Wellesley presents his compliments to the Baron de Kolli, and desires to have the honor of seeing him at Apsley House, this evening, at nine o'clock,

"*January* 11, 1810."

The conversation which I had with the noble marquis was of a nature too delicate to allow me to mention it here.

A plan most admirably conceived for the deliverance of king Ferdinand was communicated to me, as well as the most minute and circumstantial details relative to the

habits of the royal prisoner, and the *surveillance* which was exercised both within and without the residence of Valençay.

I had been selected for the execution of this great enterprise, a preference so much the more flattering, that I had as a competitor a colonel of indisputable merit, but whose disinterestedness was not sufficiently relied upon.

The deliverer of Ferdinand was expected to be a person neither guided by interest or ambition. His royal highness the duke of Kent set a most noble example of that magnanimity which finds its reward in the triumph of justice. That prince was fully aware of both the difficulties and the dangers of the enterprise; and yet he requested permission from the king his father to become the principal in this plan for the liberation of Ferdinand. His majesty could not give his consent to this wish, and the duke was obliged to be satisfied with seconding,

with all his influence, the plans of the ministry.

George III. that monarch whose prudence and energy all Europe admired during a reign of sixty years, seemed to anticipate that this act of generous protection to his ally would be among the last acts of his supreme authority. He received with transport the proposal for liberating the king of Spain; and it was with a degree of real enthusiasm that he signed, with his own hand, the letters of which I was to be the bearer to that monarch.

Admiral Sir George Cockburn, having been nominated to the command of the vessels which were to form the expedition, was put into communication with me.

In order to avoid the observation of the French police, I never ventured near the Secretary of State's office, but with the greatest precaution. Our regular meetings took place at a house of the admiral's; lord

Wellesley went there only at night, without any attendants, and in a borrowed carriage. Sir George Cockburn and myself entered by a different way.

Towards the end of January, everything was arranged, and all the plans finally settled; nothing remained for Sir George Cockburn, but to give orders for the rendezvous of the different vessels, and for the preparations for the reception of the illustrious captive. We agreed to go together to Plymouth.

Before I left London, I had the honour to pay my respects to the Duke of Kent, and to present M. Albert de St. B*** to him. In the conversation with which his royal highness honoured us, he was good enough to propose giving me letters to the principal officers of the garrison of Gibraltar. I received them next day with a letter, which I will transcribe here. His catholic majesty, if ever he should deign to cast his eyes over these memoirs, will find in it a fresh proof

of the particular interest which his royal highness displayed towards him, and for which his ambassador in London was instructed in 1814, to express the king's gratitude to his royal highness.

"My best wishes accompany you; according to my promise here is the letter for Gibraltar,* under a flying cover; I flatter myself that M. Albert de St. B*** who understands English, will find that without compromising the illustrious person whom it concerns, I have only said what is necessary to secure the good offices of the generals who command in my absence, and

* His royal highness was governor of that fortress; in the event of his catholic majesty passing by that ancient rock, the particular friends of his royal highness were apprized of it. The French ministerial police was informed of this circumstance, although I had taken the precaution to leave the duke's letter on board the admiral's ship. I imagine that the letter of introduction which was seized among my papers, led to the demand for that letter.

those of a most worthy and excellent man, for whom I have the greatest regard, and whom I will answer for as myself.

"I cannot close this letter without repeating to you my ardent prayers for the deliverance of F**** and the pleasure which I felt the day before yesterday, at seeing how much you were animated with sentiments most becoming the noble enterprize, to which you have devoted yourself.

(Signed) "EDWARD."

Two vessels, the *Implacable* and the *Disdainful*, together with a brig and a schooner, formed the squadron.

Everything which was regarded as conducive to the comfort and convenience of the king, was put on board; the admiral sent his own plate; his best wines; chests filled with linen and clothes; an excellent selection of books; astronomical instruments, and valuable maps; consecrated plate and orna-

ments for divine service; a catholic priest to officiate; in a word everything which it was thought would please the princes, whom it expected to carry back to Spain.

On the 26th of February, Albert, whom I had left in London, at the Marquis Wellesley's disposal, arrived at Plymouth, accompanied by a king's messenger, and delivered to Admiral Cockburn the government dispatches.

They consisted—1st, of a letter from the marquis Wellesley, to me; 2nd, copy of a a Latin letter from king George III. to king Ferdinand VII; 3rd, another letter in French, from the same, to the same; 4th, a letter of king Charles IV. to his Britannic majesty, written in 1802, on occasion of the marriage of the prince of Asturias with Maria Antoinette, princess of Naples.

Albert was also the bearer of a packet addressed to me, containing diamonds to the amount of 208,000 francs for my private

emoluments, and the first expences of my mission; for the more considerable disbursements which were likely to follow, an unlimited credit had been opened for king Ferdinand, at a Paris banker's.

I was provided with seals and cyphers of the secretaryships of state of Bonaparte's government, French passports, *feuilles de route*, orders of the ministers of war and marine,* &c. &c. all things quite indispensable for the success of such an enterprize.

On the 28th of February, the expedition sailed.

* All these different papers which the English ministry had procured from the best sources, were blank and signed . . . .

CHAPTER IV.

Copies of the official papers relative to the author's mission.

No. 1.

LETTER FROM THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY TO THE AUTHOR.

"*Apsley House, February* 24, 1810.

"MONSIEUR LE BARON,

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated from Plymouth Roads. Your impatience is the natural result of the zeal which animates you for the great cause to which you have so nobly devoted yourself.

"The success of that cause, however, demanded on my part the most minute atten-

tion to the documents and necessary preparations. I did not wish to let M. Albert set out until I had personally seen to everything that appeared to be essential to the expedition. He has remained in London by my positive orders. I am persuaded that you will find everything properly arranged.

"I beg your acceptance of a sword of honor, as a proof of the confidence reposed in you by this government, and a pledge of my entire friendship for you. May your courage, your zeal, and your talents, meet with their reward! and may you become the deliverer of the most unfortunate prisoner, whom the civilized world has ever seen under the weight of usurpation and despotism!

"Be always thoroughly persuaded of my friendship and perfect esteem.

(Signed) "WELLESLEY."

No. 2.

COPY OF THE CREDENTIAL LETTER OF SIR HENRY WELLESLEY, AS AMBASSADOR FROM HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY, KING GEORGE III. TO HIS CATHOLIC MAJESTY, KING FERDINAND VII.

" Georgius tertius, Dei gratia Britanniarum rex, fidei defensor, dux Brunsvicensis ac Lunenburgensis, et princeps elector, etc. etc.

" Serenissimo et potentissimo principi domino Ferdinando septimo, eâdem gratiâ, Hispaniarum, utriusque Siciliæ, et Indiarum regi catholico, etc. etc.; fratri et consanguineo carissimo, salutem.

" Serenissime et potentissime princeps, frater et consanguine carissime! cum nihil nobis magis cordi atque curæ sit, quàm ut antiquam illam inter coronas nostras amicitiam jam feliciter restitutam, omni modo sustentemus atque augeamus, et solitam istam inter subditos nostros consuetudinem et commercium, ex quibus in omni utrique genti

utilitates quàm maximæ extiterunt, mutuis officiis iterum florere faciamus, quin etiam et ut mutuâ ope et consilio bellum quod adversus communem hostem gerimus, ad faustum exitum perducamus; virum aliquem idoneum nostrâ ex parte in majestatis aulam vestræ legare, qui tam nobilitate generis quàm animi dotibus insignis, propensam insuper, quæ in nobis est erga majestatem vestram voluntatem palam manifestaret. Hunc igitur in finem perquam fidelem et dilectum consiliarium nostrum Henricum Wellesley, armigerum, ex nobile stirpe natum, selegimus, atque ablegati nostri extraordinarii et ministri plenipotentiarii ad majestatem vestram dignitate ornavimus; confisi non nisi gratam majestati vestræ futuram esse talem electionem. Quod superest, majestatem vestram precamur, ut hunc ablegatum nostrum extraordinarium, et ministrum plenipotentiarum propitio animo accipiat, neque quidquam et magis impense mandatum credat, quam ut

omnibus modis studium et amicitiam nostram erga majestatem vestram exhibeat. Denique divini Numinis tutelæ majestatem vestram domumque suam regiam commendamus, et ut sospitem incolumemque ab omnibus periculis conservet enixe ex animo precamur. Dabantur in castello nostro regali Winsoriæ, die tertio mensis januarii, anno Domini millesimo octingentesimo decimo, regnique nostri quinquagesimo.

" Majestatis vestræ Frater amantissimus.

(Signed) GEORGIUS REX.

Certified conformable to the original.

(Signed), WELLESLEY."

No. 3.

LETTER FROM KING GEORGE III. TO KING FERDINAND VII. AT VALENÇAY.

" SIR AND BROTHER,

" It is long since I have sought an opportunity of transmitting to your majesty a letter signed by my own hand, to convey to you the sentiments of lively interest and

profound sorrow which I have never ceased feeling since your majesty has been taken from your kingdom, and from your good and faithful subjects. Notwithstanding the violence and cruelties with which the usurper of the throne of Spain has loaded the Spanish nation, it must be a great consolation to your majesty to know, that your people continue stedfast in their loyalty and attachment to the person of their legitimate king, and that Spain is making constant efforts to maintain your majesty's rights, and to restore the independance of the monarchy. The resources of my kingdom, my fleets, and my armies, do not cease to aid your majesty's subjects in this great cause, and my ally, the Prince Regent of Portugal, has also contributed to it, with all the zeal and constancy of a faithful friend.

"There is nothing wanting to the good subjects of your majesty, and to your allies, but the presence of your majesty in Spain, where it cannot but inspire fresh energy.

Therefore, with all the frankness of the friendship and alliance by which I am bound to your majesty's interests, I beseech you to reflect on the wisest and most effectual means of tearing yourself from the indignities to which you are subjected, and of showing yourself in the midst of a people who are actuated by a universal feeling for the happiness and glory of your majesty.

" I add to this letter, a copy of the letter of credence*, which my minister in Spain†, will present to the central junta, which governs in the name, and by the authority of your majesty.

" I request your majesty not to doubt of my sincere friendship; being with the most inviolable attachment,

" SIR AND BROTHER,

" Your Majesty's good Brother,

(Signed) " GEORGE REX.

" *Queen's House, London,*

" *January* 31*st*, 1810."

* See No. 2.

† Sir Henry Wellesley, brother of the Marquis.

Who can help feeling the most lively emotion on the perusal of this sublime and touching letter! How easy to recognise in it the virtuous and loyal sentiments of its magnanimous author! A deep anxiety founded on the knowledge of the terrible character of Bonaparte, appears displayed in every sentence, and yet is expressed with the most delicate regard for the feelings of Ferdinand.

If there are any generous souls who refuse to admit the possibility, under the then circumstances, of an attempt upon the lives of the captive princes, let them revert to the consideration of past events. . . . Vincennes, Bayonne . . . and to thee, Madrid! to thee I appeal! What historical recollections has not that soldier, whom the Revolution adorned with the purple, left thee!

No. 4.

COPY OF A LETTER ADDRESSED BY KING CHARLES IV. IN 1802, TO HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY.

(This document, alluded to in the preceding chapter, related to my mission, and was to serve me as a credential to King Ferdinand. It was the knight's sign.)

" Carolus, Dei gratiâ, Hispaniarum, utriusque Siciliæ, Jerusalem, Indiarum, etc., etc., etc., rex, archidux Austriæ, dux Burgundiæ et Mediolani, etc., serenissimo et potentissimo principi domino Georgio III. magnæ Britanniæ regi, etc., etc., etc. Fratri et consanguineo nostro carissimo, salutem et utrique felicitatem.

" Faustissimum hodiernâ die ad nos delatum est nuncium Neapoli die XXV mensis augusti, rite initum peractumque fuisse matrimonium carissimi filii nostri Ferdinandi Asturiarum principis, cum carissimâ principe Mariâ Antonicâ, fratris nostri admodum dilecti, utri-

usque Siciliæ regis filiæ. Quantum indè gaudium quantamque perceperimus lætitiam, frustra majestatis vestræ describere conaremur; id solum asserimus nullam aliunde si posse accessionem fieri nisi ex testimonio quod nobis redditur, eventum hunc majestati vestræ gratum extitisse. Id certè sperare nos facit majestatis vestræ in nos perpetuus amor; firmaque in qua majestatem vestram esse volumus, opinio nihil fortunatum majestati vestræ accedere posse, quod voluptati nobis non sit futurum. Cæterum Deus opt. max. majestatem vestram quàm diutissime servet incolumem. Dabantur in oppido de Igualadâ, die nonâ septembris, anno millesimo octingentesimo secundo.

" Majestatis Vestræ frater amantissimus.

(Signed) " CAROLUS."

Address on the letter.

" Serenissimo et potentissimo principi domino Georgio III. magnæ Britanniæ regi, fratri et consanguineo nostro carissimo."

On the cover of this was written what follows:

"The undersigned, his Britannic Majesty's principal Secretary of State, for Foreign Affairs, certifies, that this is the identical letter which his Catholic Majesty, King Charles IV. addressed to his Britannic Majesty King George the III. on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Asturias, now King Ferdinand VII; this authentic document is entrusted to the Baron de Kolli, who will have the honour to submit it to his Catholic Majesty's inspection, as a proof of his mission to that monarch; and that entire faith may be placed in it.

" *Downing Street, London,*
" 26 *February,* 1810."

CHAPTER V.

Arrival of the squadron in the Bay of Quiberon.

THE second day of our voyage was very unlucky; we were blown about by contrary winds before we left the channel, and their violence was so great, that a sailor on duty was precipitated from the mast-head and drowned, without its being possible for us to do anything to save him. A valuable officer, on board the brig, also fell into the sea during the night: the sentinel at the poop perceived him when day began to dawn, as he had fastened himself to the salvage-rope, and in this manner followed the vessel, alternately buried in, and riding on the waves. He was immediately hoisted on board, but his strength being exhausted, and his blood having almost entirely lost its vital

heat, he expired almost instantly. His death was a subject of regret to the crew, and filled me with sorrow.

At the point of Ouessant some violent squalls were very nearly driving us on shore. The captain of the squadron applied to the admiral to pilot alongside these rocks, which numerous shipwrecks have rendered famous. In the prospect over Belle-Isle we were struck by the frequent appearance of reefs of rock almost level with the water; the soundings were unequal; and on the 8th of March, at three in the afternoon, the squadron anchored in the Bay of Quiberon, at two leagues off the shore, opposite St. Gildas, and a little above the islands of Héat and Heodic, having the salt-pits of the sea side in view.

The appearance of vessels at that port could excite no suspicion; the English captains came frequently to anchor in the neighbourhood, to protect themselves against violent gales; they were still more frequently

in the habit of cruising at the mouth of the rivers, keeping close to the land, from the passes of Brittany, to beyond Brest and Cherbourg.

After arranging every thing with the admiral, he determined that I should go and reconnoitre the point of landing, fix upon the spot where our correspondence was to be deposited, and finally that where the king of Spain was to be received by the admiral and the crews of the vessels. I immediately went on board the schooner, of which Mr. Westfall the admiral's first lieutenant took the command, and we started.

As we approached the shore we made several tacks, under pretence of having received some damage. A very high sea served our purpose admirably. In spite of our apparent distress, one of the coast batteries sent us a few bullets by way of condolence; it required all Mr. Westfall's skill and experience to keep us from being shipwrecked

on the rocks which line the coast, and against which the tide was driving us very strongly.

We did not rejoin the squadron before midnight, and Sir George Cockburn confessed that he felt rather uneasy about us. The generous interest which I was fortunate enough to inspire him with, was every day increased. That brave officer said to me one day, "I will bear witness to your devotedness, and if fortune does not favour you, I will myself present your children to the parliament, and obtain its support for them."

I was well aware, Sir George Cockburn, how sacred are the promises of such men as yourself! Yours conferred on me an additional obligation,—they secured my eternal gratitude. The recollection which I preserved of them has added nothing to the sentiments which I feel a pleasure in expressing here: it is a balsam which would have cicatrised much deeper wounds!

During our absence, the admiral had received by a fisherman, a letter from Baron de Ferriet,* who happened to be at that time, I know not why, in the small island of Héat. He requested a boat to be sent to bring him off, and to be furnished with the means of seizing a French commissary, of whom he had reason to complain.

The admiral had thought of paying no attention to this message, but from a desire of learning something which might be of service to the expedition, he at last consented to receive M. de Ferriet, who was in consequence brought on board. I know not why this person excited my suspicions, in spite of his protestations of devotedness, and the title of general of the royal army which he assumed. His observant air, and embarrassed manner had not a little contributed to raise my prejudices against him. The visit which

* This person was in the pay of the British Government.

he paid us having been subsequently the foundation of grave suspicions, I think it only proper to relate the conversations which I had with him, in order to enable the reader to judge by himself of the greater or less probability of his participation in the subsequent events.

"Then you think," said I to him, "that there is a much stricter guard kept upon this than upon any other part of the coast."—"Yes!—for the last time I went to Nantes, I was told by the coast guards that they had orders to watch for two strangers, who were expected to land almost immediately."—"How is it possible they could be so indiscreet as to tell you this, *you* who must have been described to them, *you* whose escape from Lorient must doubtless have awakened the vigilance of the police?"*—"Oh, I have persons I can depend upon. The admiral will inform you that I am employed by the

* Baron de Ferriet boasted of having been condemned death for his services in the royal cause.

British Government, for the service of the French princes."

M. de Ferriet's assertion respecting the two strangers had, as may easily be imagined, very much surprised us; as soon therefore as he had retired to rest, upon Sir George's asking our opinion, we expressed our doubts as to his fidelity; but as we had no means of forming a judgment, but upon loose conjectures, I proposed that his courage and devotedness should be put to the proof, and that our decision should rest upon the answer he made to our proposals; if we were satisfied, we would assign him a post, if otherwise, it was an easy matter to get rid of him. I own that M. de Ferriet's quality of a Frenchman combated my suspicions; he described himself as unfortunate and as such he had no less claims upon me. Why, said I also to myself, should he have apprized me that two strangers were expected here, if he had not been sincere

in his intention of putting me on my guard.

Next morning, as we were walking together on the deck, I took an opportunity of turning the conversation on his situation, and offering him fifty gold ducats, until I should be able to do something better for him. He refused them with the air of dignity, which a skilful man knows how to assume, when his pride is wounded. I repeated my offer with greater delicacy: — he still refused. "Accept," said I to him, "the means of rendering fresh services. I cannot ask you to accompany me: as your description is distributed along the coast, your presence would only expose me; but the admiral will determine what you must do."—"I am quite ready, particularly if Bonaparte's life is to be attempted."—"I have nothing of the kind to propose to you; if I had to combat with the enemy of the Bourbons, it would be with discretion."—"Oh, as for me, I

have no scruples of that sort; all means are fair towards him."—"As we are enemies of the tyrant, let us beware of adopting his maxims or his excesses."

M. de Ferriet's countenance, which I was observing very attentively, had no expression of the unreflecting indignation which his language breathed; it only displayed the most eager curiosity. To enable me to read his thoughts farther, I again repeated my pecuniary offers; "I accept them," said he at last, "but if the object is to effect a rising in La Vendée, three hundred men will be sufficient, provided one of the French princes is at our head,* and the English properly second us."—"I have no doubt of your influence; but can you expect that

* M. de Ferriet was banished from France in 1814, for having participated, under Bonaparte, in the plot, whose object was to deliver to the police, in other words to the executioner, his royal highness the duke de Berri, whom it was proposed to draw into La Vendée.

one of the princes should go and expose himself, like a mere adventurer, to the hazard of such an undertaking, upon such weak foundations? As to the English, I am surprized to hear *you* express any doubt of their intentions. Are you ignorant of the liberal succours the British government has afforded to the Bourbon family? Do you not know the anxious solicitude with which it preserves their precious lineage for the French and Spaniards?"—"If the liberation of Ferdinand be the object, I have friends who will ssist us."....."It is you, sir, who are the object: you must explain yourself to the admiral."

I gave Sir George Cockburn an account of this conversation. My suspicions not being strong enough to allow us to adopt the severer alternative, we agreed, under pretence that the landing was not to take place in the Bay of Quiberon, that it was better to put M. de Ferriet on board the

Disdainful. The admiral gave directions to the captain of that frigate to keep him for a certain time, and then to put him on shore on the side of the Sables d'Olone. If this order had been followed, the French police would not have received that information, which it has since admitted to have had from M. de Ferriet himself.*

What he told us of the vigilance recommended to the coast-guards, appeared to me extremely improbable; the admiral attempted in vain to dissuade me from landing at the point which had been fixed by the British government. Sir George offered to take upon himself the whole responsibility of landing me at another spot, but I was inflexible, and I ought to add, that his esteem for me appeared increased by it.

* Having been retaken by the English squadron, he was some time after carried to England, and shut up in the Tower of London, on a charge of treason. For want of evidence, he was subsequently set at liberty.

In the night of the 9th of March 1810, Sir George Cockburn placed at my disposal the necessary boats. After completely arranging with him the means of executing the orders of government, I took leave of him, and quitted the vessels of the expedition.

The *Disdainful* had quitted the anchorage the night before; the admiral was about to leave the coast for some days, the better to cover his plans.

I landed without the least difficulty and with the greatest secresy; two boats manned with thirty sailors, armed with swords and pistols, approached the coast, within about thirty fathoms. Lieutenant Westfall first threw himself into the sea; all our seamen followed him; one of the stoutest of them took me on his shoulders, and carried me to land.

CHAPTER VI.

The author's journey through France.

BEFORE I quitted the coast, I recognised the salt-pits and the spot which had been fixed upon as the depositary of our correspondence. As daylight was likely soon to appear, Albert and I began our march towards Sarzeau. We had to cross some clayey fields, covered with pools, and frequently intersected by wide and deep ditches. Impatient to get on, I had soon got considerably a-head. Albert not being so strong, followed slowly, and retarded my progress. This disagreeable exercise continued for several hours, when all of a sudden I ceased to hear the steps, or the voice of my companion: I stopped and called to him, but

received no answer, and the silence of the night was only interrupted by the barking of dogs. I retrograded about four hundred paces, looking about anxiously in every direction. My mind was beginning to be impressed with melancholy forebodings, almost with despair, when my feet became entangled between the legs of Albert. He was laying at his length in a ditch, and to appearance in a swoon. I poured a glass of Madeira wine down his throat, which had the effect of reviving him. His pulse was not at all altered, and I suspected that this indisposition proceeded from moral rather than physical causes. I encouraged him, therefore, by every means in my power, and succeeded in persuading him at last to resume his journey. His courage, however, altogether failed him, when the noise of the distant waves again saluted his ear, and drew from him a heavy sigh. "Young man," said I to him, "I should not have

thought of quitting the coast, if I had not made myself acquainted with the localities; make yourself therefore perfectly easy."—"Alas!" said he, "covered as we are with mud, and drenched with sea water, we cannot but raise suspicions, if we are seen together. I am worn out with fatigue; suffer me therefore to take a few hours rest, under some shed in the neighbourhood. Day dawns—let us separate. Whatever orders you give me, rely on my executing punctually."—I made some vain efforts to induce him to follow me; I appealed to his sense of honor; to his views of interest. I reminded him of the boldness he had displayed at Antwerp; of all that I had done for him; of the high opinion that had been entertained of him: but all was in vain. "At least," said I, "if you allow yourself to be taken, secure by an act of courage the secret of the state, and the king's fate." "I swear to do so," answered he. "In that

case, here is a packet, which contains a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds: should we never meet again, they are yours; if not, we will settle the account when we meet on such a day in Paris, or on some other, in the forest of Vincennes. Prudence forbids me from giving you any other instructions; the more severely that you are now about to follow your own plans, and to depend entirely upon yourself. Adieu! Die sooner than betray the government."

As I had taken care to be very reserved in the most secret matters, and entrusted this young man with no intelligence, which could at all thwart my measures, I quitted him, confiding in Providence, and resigned beforehand to whatever it should order.

After carefully identifying the rock which had been designated to me, I followed a by-path, and in an hour's time I arrived at Muzillac. The mayor, at whose house I presented myself, inhabited, in common with

his wife, his children, and his cattle, a kind of hut, into which the light only penetrated through the door. "Ah! ah! Mr. Officer," exclaimed he on seeing me, "are you here for any thing connected with the English. We hear that they are threatening the coast, and that they have a number of troops ready to land." "No," replied I, "I am come here for the purpose of fixing upon points by the sea-side, where it would be desirable to erect signal posts: here are the orders of the minister at war. I started this morning from Sarzeau; they gave me such a wretched horse, that I preferred walking half the way, and sending the animal back. Do me the favor to get me another, as I intend to continue my progress, while the weather continues favorable."

The good-natured Breton refused to look at the papers which I offered him, and was so expeditious, that in less than an hour I was again on the road. It was not quite

noon when I arrived at the gates of Vannes; before I entered the town I took the precaution to dismiss my horse and guide.

The orders with which I was provided, being perfectly *en regle,* gave all my movements an appearance of truth, which I took care not to belie by any timidity or embarrassment. I went, therefore, to the post-house, without hesitation, and ordered horses to be got ready to start immediately. While they were preparing them, I went into one of the rooms, a door of which being half open allowed me to observe in another apartment a man sitting before a good fire, and apparently desirous of escaping observation; at that moment the door opened entirely of itself, and I recognized Albert; his confusion confirmed me in the idea I had entertained of his real indisposition. After a short explanation, we agreed to travel together on horseback, and to take but one postilion with us.

We went several leagues in this way, but

I soon found that the young man could not accompany me far without taking rest; I therefore allowed him to remain behind, and it was agreed that we should meet at one of the places of rendezvous, which I had already fixed, when we first separated.

From the 10th to the 14th of March, I travelled above a hundred and forty leagues on different roads, sometimes having Albert behind, and sometimes before me.

One of my first objects was to examine the environs of Valençay; to reconnoitre the side of the park which could be scaled; and the windows of the king's smaller apartments. I had very soon obtained the needful information, and settled in my own mind the best plan of execution; it only remained to set it a-going. I first repaired to Paris in order to receive 30,000 francs in money; from thence I dispatched towards Orleans the saddle horses which were to serve for the first relays, after the king's escape. I sent at the same

time to Toursa berlin, under the charge of two confidential lacqueys.

They were instructed never to open the blinds or the doors of this carriage; to affect great respect to the travellers who were supposed to be in it; to travel night and day by the usual post, on the road from Tours to Paimbeuf; to pay the postillions liberally, and to eat and drink of the best at all the inns. The order for their departure was to be given them by myself upon the spot. On their arrival at Paimbeuf, they were to leave the berlin at the post-house, and to receive fresh orders.

The reader already guesses that the object of all these demonstrations, was to send the police agents, who would be dispatched in pursuit of us, upon a wrong scent

A trusty person, posted in front of Sarzeau, near the salt-pits, under the rock on the right, was on particular days to make the signal agreed upon; an English officer

was immediately to come and take him on board during the night, and put him in communication with the Admiral, to whom he was to repeat a sentence, the meaning of which was only known to that officer and myself.

After settling these preliminaries, I was to repair in person to the chateau of * * *, close to Valençay, where a person was instructed to introduce me with the facilities most likely to accomplish my object.

While the attention and pursuit of the police would have been wholly directed towards the berlin, and the road to Nantes, I was to have directed the king's journey by that of Vannes, and by the post, on horseback, to have reached near Sarzeau, in forty seven hours. Leaving Valençay at midnight, the discovery of the king's flight would not have been made for eight hours afterwards. The first relays would have brought us to Saint Christophe, beyond Tours; the se-

cond, beyond Mans; where we should have taken post horses. My uniform, as a colonel of gendarmes, and the supposed orders of the secretaryship of state, of which I was the bearer, rendered the success of our journey infallible, so much the more, that the only trace visible beyond Tours, was that which left the berlin on the road to Nantes.

The admiral was to have made his descent at the moment of his catholic majesty's arrival, and the king of Spain would then have been at liberty!

CHAPTER VII.

The author's journal to the period of his arrest.

ON the 16th of March 1810. Albert rejoined me at Paris. In order to be more secure from the observation of the police, and to diminish the chances of danger as much as possible, I hired a house in the forest of Vincennes. On the 17th I went to take possession of it; the gardener, in whose charge it had been left, did not live in it; his son, a boy of eleven years old, was to attend me, and do what I required.

The distribution of the house suited me perfectly; I had a double exit into the park, and in my situation this means of security was of no slight importance.

From the 18th to the 22d I entered into communication with different persons whom it was necessary for me to see, and completed all the preparations which were to insure the success of my mission.

It was at this period that I entered into engagements with the Sieur Richard, whom I was weak enough to believe a man of honor, because his previous conduct had been honorable. His services under the Prince de Talmont, the wounds he had received in defending the cause of legitimacy, had appeared to me of some weight; he endeavoured to persuade me of his zeal, and he succeeded. What pledge could I ask, which Richard had not given me? Who, in my situation, would have refused his confidence to a Vendean soldier, or his purse to a royalist in distress?

Richard appeared to be most grateful for my bounty, and to be sincerely devoted to the cause of the Bourbons. He was

quite ignorant of the object of my mission in France; several times I refused to satisfy him on that point. In a conversation, in which I tried to elude such of his questions as were too home, he appeared, all of a sudden, to take up an idea about Bonaparte; and what he saw of my preparations, my travelling dresses, my arms, and my passports, only served to strengthen his suspicions. At that moment I presented to him a portrait of the unfortunate Louis XVI. "You recollect his virtues," said I to him, "you know his love for his people, his clemency towards the first authors of the revolution, his generosity even to those who became his executioners! You know if he ever left unrewarded the services of any who approached him! Don't you think that the heroic devotedness of Deseze or Clery should excite the admiration and envy of every generous mind? To die for one's captive sovereign is not paying too dear for

immortal glory!—You turn pale, Richard! —Are you afraid of sharing the fate of the faithful, whose ghosts are still trembling on the shores of Quiberon, in the desert of Grenoble, or under the vaults of Vincennes?" This apostrophe, which escaped from my enthusiasm, astonished Richard, without at all touching his soul.

He expressed, in the best way he could, how grateful he was for the confidence I had shewn him, but requested me to reveal to him the object of our labours. "Of what consequence is it to you," added I, "so long as you have only to combat the same adversaries? Have you ever entrusted the secret of an important operation to any one, when you could yourself bring it to a successful termination?"—"No."—"Be easy, therefore, as to the honorable character of that operation: the most scrupulous person would be proud of taking a part in it. Wait patiently for the moment when I can make

you acquainted with things respecting which I am not now silent from any suspicion of you."

This assurance did not dispel Richard's first ideas; * he was silent, but I found him more reserved with Albert. That reserve I then attributed to a kind of jealousy.

I had given Richard a room next to mine; our windows looked into the park. In the day-time he kept the keys of the doors, and never opened them but by my orders; during the night, they were under my pillow.

Albert, being employed in executing my orders, generally slept in Paris.

On the 23rd, as I intended to set out the next day but one for the chateau of * * *, near Valençay, I had my horses brought into the park.

* He supposed that my object was an attempt on the life of Bonaparte. But it will seen that that was not the cause of his treachery.

In the full confidence of the quickness of my journey, and of the prudence of the steps I had taken, it did not appear possible to me that the French ministerial police could have the least suspicion of the orders of the British government; I saw with tranquillity the critical moment approach, and yet I was on the eve of a catastrophe, the bare recollection of which presses my heart with as much pain, as on the day which saw all my hopes vanish.

On the morning of the 24th, I gave Richard orders to go to Paris to make some purchases. While the horse was putting into the cabriolet, he came to me in the garden, and I gave him 2,700 francs in bank notes; his countenance was gloomy, and I was making a remark on it, when I heard a knocking at the front door. The gardener's son came to tell us that his father wished to come in to get some of his tools; I beckoned to Richard to go and open the door, and followed him

towards it, continuing to converse with him; all at once eleven men threw themselves upon us, and held our arms.

By his savage look, and forbidding air, I instantly recognized that chief of sbirri, who .... arrested Pichegru. When he saw that I was deprived of the power of resistance, he took a paper out of his pocket, and read as follows:

"The Sieur Paques, inspector general of the general police, is hereby ordered to repair to Vincennes, Rue de la Pisotte, No. 9, and there to arrest three individuals, charged with corresponding with the enemies of the state.

"The minister of general police.

(Signed) "FOUCHÉ."

"You appear too certain that you are not mistaken," said I to him, "to allow me to profit of the want of precision of this order."

"Sir, if I am mistaken, you will reclaim

against me." Then addressing his myrmidons, "Carry them into their apartments."

That of Richard, as I have already mentioned, was next to mine, and I could see what was passing in it. I observed that they paid very little attention to him. While they were ransacking our closets, and collecting all the objects susceptible of examination, the people came in, in crowds, along with the auxiliary gendarmes, who were brought in through the doors from the park. When the inspector had finished his researches, he put this question to me, "Who are you?" "I am sent by the British government, for the purpose of releasing his catholic majesty, Ferdinand VII. king of Spain and the Indies, the victim of the usurpation and despotism of Bonaparte, and now his prisoner at Valençay." The Sieur Paques looked at me with astonishment. "Must I repeat my answer?" "No, no, Sir, you may tell that elsewhere." Observing his idea, and judging

by the silence around me, that I had inspired an interest beyond that of mere curiosity, I repeated my answer aloud.

Richard, whose doubts were at last cleared up, exclaimed in a tone of despair, "What, was it for that!" *

The gendarmes took a great deal of trouble to find the key of my secretary. I disengaged my hands from the persons that held me, to deliver it to their chief. While they were feasting their eyes with the sight of the gold, I took secretly out of my pocket, a note which I had received the evening before from one of my best friends; I tore it up quickly, and swallowed the pieces of it; the inspector, whose eyes had followed my movements, flew at me in order to snatch it from me. Enraged at not succeeding, he ordered his followers, and that in a style of language

* Was this exclamation extorted from him, by a tardy regret, as I thought, or was it merely the expression of astonishment? I leave it to my readers to decide.

quite becoming the action, to bind me hand and foot.*

During the operation, the Sieur Paques put all my papers under seal.

My portfolio contained—1st, the royal letters, of which I have given copies. 2nd, 15,000 francs in notes of the bank of France. 3rd, the account of my diamonds, placed in the hands of third parties. 4th, the blank orders, passports, and *feuilles de route*, which I have already mentioned.

The spectators who surrounded us, appeared to pity my misfortune, and exhibited towards me the feelings, which humanity refuses not even to criminals. The executor of the high orders of the police, affecting then to honor functions, which are so frequently degraded, ordered the cords to be taken off, which had nearly strangled me; a

* The French phrase is *carotter*, a term which expresses the action of tying rolls of tobacco with thread, from one end to the other.

carriage well escorted by gendarmes and spies waited for us at the door; they made me get into it first. Richard sat on my right, the inspector on my left, and three police officers opposite me. In this state I was taken the same day to the ministry of general police at Paris.

CHAPTER VIII.

The author's conversation with the minister of general police.

WHO is the traitor? my readers inquire; is it the Baron de Ferriet, Albert de St. B * * *, or Richard? I asked myself exactly the same question, as with hasty steps I traversed the hall in which I was left, when the chief of the second division came to commence my interrogatory, and to set at rest, by the nature of his questions, a doubt which was too favorable to the vilest of men.

M. Desmarest was the rival of the duke of Otranto, whose crooked policy he frequently unmasked; he possessed in a supreme degree the administrative talents which, under the government of Bonaparte, were likely to lead to fortune, and during that government they gained him an ascendancy which

made him dreaded even by his master. No one knew better than he how to penetrate the secrets of the heart; he had thoroughly acquired the difficult art of mastering men's minds, of leading them astray, and forcing them finally to betray themselves; that art which is unknown to the generality of men, at whose cost it is exercised, was in M. Desmarest a natural faculty, which could learn nothing from Machiavelian theories or slowly acquired practice.

My conversations with this able chief of division, were, I will confess, so many useful *lessons* to me; but, thank God! they were not *schools*.

My interrogatory began in the most easy and natural manner; but in proportion as we kept approaching the essential object, the penetrating and slippery understanding of the imperial inquisitor gradually displayed itself. A rude apostrophe would have altogether lost its effect: M. Desmarest, there-

fore, knew how to propose his questions with admirable address; without giving me time to answer him, he turned off my reflections by an episode about the Baron de Ferriet, or about Albert; then by an insensible transition he brought me back to the point from whence we had started; so that leading me on in this way, I was led, without perceiving it, to answer questions which I had previously determined to evade completely.

Fatigued with this method of attack, which jumbled together all my ideas, and did not allow me to calculate any one, I at last allowed him to carry on the whole conversation himself, leaving him at liberty to fill his sheets with all the lies which he thought likely to deceive the public opinion, and to indispose the British government and my friends against me.

Once, however, I seized the *a-propos* so well, that M. Desmarest was completely the dupe, and contributed, without being aware

of it, to reveal to the English ministry the real state of the case. I had agreed with the Marquis Wellesley that, in the event of my being arrested, without being able to reach Ferdinand, I should name to the police a different admiral's vessel, than the one I came by. This precaution I did not fail to observe; the false name I had given was printed in the official reports, and the noble Marquis knew by that the reliance that was to be placed on the other particulars which the French government wished to be credited.

M. Desmarest failed from the excess of cunning; he borrowed the language of naiveté. He informed me of the arrest of several persons with whom I had been politically connected; he gave a most accurate account of my transactions in London, of my arrival at Quiberon, and of my slightest movements in France up to the moment of my arrest.

I had no longer any doubt of the treachery of Richard; and the Baron de Ferriet had fully justified all my suspicions.

This is a specimen of the imperial police, of that invisible instrument of tyrrany, that receptacle of everything corrupt, the object of terror and alarm to every good man! To me, one of its victims, belongs the right of unmasking its turpitude .... But I forget that my business is to relate facts; they will brand my persecutors much better than the inspirations of my hatred.

M. Desmarest finished the sitting by asking me the name of the person in whose hands I had deposited my diamonds.* Why should I hesitate to answer? I never suspected that a minister would ever dare to enrich his

* The police under the Duke of Rovigo paid 30,000 francs, which I had borrowed on their security, and put the difference into its chests. This was an act of justice quite suited to its morality; but there is no sentence without appeal . . . . my recourse is to other times.

treasury with the patrimony of my children. Richard was presented to me, after, it was said, having undergone an interrogatory. By the look of indignation which I darted at him, he guessed my thoughts, and protested his innocence; he even endeavoured to raise my suspicions of Albert. My opinion as to him was already settled. M. de St. B * * * had not betrayed the cause of Ferdinand. Why happened it, notwithstanding, that he forfeited my esteem? The reader will excuse my silence; Albert had committed more than one fault, and the police furnished me with ocular demonstration of it; but, like him, I will not give my enemies the pleasure of smiling, at learning that the defenders of a just cause are not always actuated by the interests of virtue alone. The name of Albert will not appear again in these Memoirs; can he make himself equally forgotten elsewhere?

When night came, M. Desmarest sent for

me, to introduce me into the cabinet of the minister of general police. I was conducted at first into an apartment where I was requested to sit down, until the duke of Otranto could see me. Among several persons whom I saw in this apartment, I remarked one whose look expressed esteem and compassion; it was the prince of Montmorency Laval. I shall never forget the generous motives which induced him to go to the minister. No one but that nobleman, whose fidelity to the king of Spain knew no other bounds than the fear of compromising that monarch,—no one but the descendant of the first Christian baron could have braved the danger of interfering at such a crisis in favor of a respectable man, who had been arrested by the police on my account.

When M. Desmarest introduced me, the duke of Otranto was standing, leaning on the mantle-piece. Before he returned the inclination of the head which I made him

on entering, he endeavoured to assume the proper tone for the occasion, and to scan my thoughts. His look was sharp and animated. When he began to speak, M. Desmarest retired.

The duke of Otranto.—"I could never have believed that any man of courage and intelligence would have attempted a matter the execution of which was so impossible."

Kolli.—"Your excellency is ignorant of many things which the British government is well acquainted with; in the escape of Sir Sidney Smith there were more obstacles to overcome; he was a prisoner in the Temple."

The duke.—"But Sir Sidney Smith wished to escape."

Kolli.—"Ferdinand is not disinclined to do so."

The duke—*(warmly)*—"Who has told you that he wishes to break his engagements with the emperor? where are there any proofs of such a disposition?"

Kolli.—"In Spain .... at Bayonne ... in every part of Europe; in the heart of every man who respects himself."

The duke.—"I am astonished that any one should run a risk upon such vague surmises; it is a proof, how little you could know of the country in which you exposed yourself, and how badly you calculated on a degree of negligence of which I am incapable. Have you reflected on the consequences of an imprudent resolution?

Kolli.—"Yes."

The duke.—"Are you ignorant of the severe punishment which awaits any one who is rash enough to interfere in the quarrels of nations?"

Kolli.—"The quarrel which you have excited is an unjust one; and it is an honorable duty to fight in the cause of oppressed virtue."

The duke.—"I shall not take the trouble to notice the unsuitableness of such observa-

tions. I can praise you for a zeal, which, to be admired, only wanted the consent of the person who inspired it; do you know him?"

Kolli.—" He is a monarch, the heir to the goodness and virtues of St. Louis!"

The duke. — " He would reject your offers, if you proposed to liberate him, even if you presented the letters of King George to him."

Kolli.—" If I had been fortunate enough to get access to the king of Spain, he would have received them with the deepest emotion; fortune is now trying his courage, but the Almighty has a glory in reserve for him, superior to that of his persecutor."

The duke.—" M. de Kolli, it will not be my fault if the emperor should make no distinction between you and that class who think him vulnerable by their poignards."

Kolli.—" I am in the ranks of his enemies; like them I will combat him as a soldier.

The government which employs me only accepts services which constitute its glory."

The duke.—" You are under a great mistake; the cabinet of St. James's sacrifices you to its politics, and cares very little about seeing you devoted to certain death."

Kolli.—" I know what to think of such an opinion; but I will merely remark, that the British government never sports with the blood, or the lives, of the warriors who feel it an honor to serve it. In the situation I am now placed in, I feel the full value of that honor, and I am quite ready to give the strongest proof of it. I am quite sure also, that my orphan children will always find in it a benefactor and protector."

The Duke *(with a degree of politeness.)*— "M. de Kolli, before I dismiss you, I wish you to have the satisfaction of knowing that all the persons with whom you have had political relations in France are set at liberty, except-

ing Saint B * * * and Richard. This last is one of those characters who enable us better to appreciate the chivalrous virtues, and inflexible probity, of some others. I should be happy if I could liberate you also; but the Donjon of Vincennes must be, at least for the present, the place to keep you forthcoming."

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CHAPTER IX.

The Donjon of Vincennes.

I PASSED the night of the 24th of March at the general police, and next morning at eight o'clock, I was conducted to the Donjon of Vincennes, where I was immediately put *au secret.*

The sight of my dungeon filled me with a sudden horror, and I began to hope for a speedy death, to save me from the lengthened agony which so many martyrs of royal fidelity had been condemned to undergo in that pit. But on a closer examination of my feelings, I felt my melancholy diminished at the reflection of being in the midst of them, and of breathing the air in which they could scarcely be said to live. I compared my lot with that of these faithful heroes,

and assuming to myself some portion of the veneration with which they were surrounded, I found that even misfortune itself has charms, when it has virtue for a companion. The hollow sounds which at intervals echoed under these sepulchral vaults, interested me, and inspired me with a sort of calm of the grave, which liberates us from the miseries of this world.

Apprehensive of weakening my mind by anticipations of the fatal moment, I invoked the assistance of religion. Far from the tumult of cities, the inspirations of faith succeed to the cravings of the passions, and fill the whole soul. I tasted some instants of tranquillity; but was it not likely to be troubled?

M. Desmarest, who readily comprehended all the advantages which my situation was likely at the first moment to obtain for him, came to visit me on the 26th. With a degree of artfulness, which it was not easy to distinguish, the sub-minister assumed towards me that easy air, which prosperity gives to

superior understandings; it was that of the politicians of the day. An affectation of politeness; apprehensions for my health, in a place where no consideration but security could have weight: a sincere desire to be of use to me: news of my children, who were then in Paris; all constituted a most admirable preamble, uttered with the most easy air possible.

"His excellency the duke of Otranto had confided an important subject to his management, and had directed him to speak to me respecting it: an emissary was just on the point of being sent to England,* with proposals of peace, on reasonable terms! Perhaps I might wish to avail myself of the opportunity to write to the Marquis Wellesley, and to give him some particulars.... My letter would be dispatched the day after next, and would be most punctually delivered."†

* M. Ouvrard.

† Extract from the Papers of the Cabinet of St. Cloud.

To what was this overture to lead, so far as I was concerned? I had nothing to inform the British government of, which it did not know already..... I affected however the necessary appearance of good-humour, and instantly wrote the following letter to Lord Wellesley:

"My Lord,

"I cannot tell your lordship what a valiant captain said to his followers: but merely what may be expected from a common man, from a simple knight: I am in the enemy's power. I have been betrayed. To my last breath I will justify the confidence reposed in me by the British government, and the personal esteem with which I have been honored by your lordship. I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

"*From the Donjon of Vincennes,*
"*March 26th,* 1810."

M. Desmarest took this letter, and promised to put it in the minister's packet.

Then, in a confidential tone, he asked my opinion of a step, which if successful, might bring about a peace, and with it my liberation; I gave it him in favorable terms, without the least idea of my resurrection. If he could have spoken to me sincerely, I am sure he would have confessed that such also was his opinion. All of a sudden the expression of his countenance changed: he became lost in thought, and apparently wrapt up in some deep conception; at last he exclaimed that the government would never let slip so fine an opportunity of satisfying the world of the real sentiments which animated the Spanish princes, or of taking advantage of a circumstance which raised suspicions of them. The emperor, being then at Compiègne, there to receive Maria-Louisa, the duke of Otranto had gone there to take his instructions. Immediately after telling me this, he left me abruptly.

My mind became excessively uneasy at

what this man had told me; I saw in it a half concealed snare, but into which it was difficult to avoid falling without divine assistance. What was it they hoped of me? Why this tardiness in putting me to death? ..... Had I become a subject of specuation tothe minister of police?

Overwhelmed with these ideas, I spent the following days very painfully, in a state of melancholy uncertainty.

During this time, the duke of Otranto (as I have since been informed) waited anxiously for the first news of the negociation he had opened with England, and whose failure was probably one of the causes of his disgrace.

To satisfy the reader's curiosity upon this point, I will interrupt my narrative for a moment. The circumstances I am about to mention, have besides had a re-action on my fate, and are connected with the political part of the memoirs of Valençay; they will explain

the duke of Otranto's conduct towards me; under the supposition of a peace with England, he wished not to compromise his interests.

France was never more calm internally than at the period that Bonaparte was following up the course of his conquests. Fouché remained in a certain degree the arbiter of the state. But in proportion as that minister gained ground in the public opinion, he became an object of suspicion to his master, who, with a view to watch him better, established several counter-polices. After the peace at Tilsit, Fouché had taken credit to himself for having endeavoured to divert him from the idea of making a conquest of Spain. Such an opposition would no doubt have been courageous, and M. de Talleyrand, who at that period fell into partial disgrace, wanted also to have the honor of it, as I have already mentioned: but it does not appear to me a whit more

probable in the duke of Otranto, than in the prince of Benevento.

The transactions at Bayonne excited a degree of ferment in the capital, which was represented as the signal of an approaching insurrection. Bonaparte, alarmed, returned suddenly, and at his arrival the conspiracy vanished like a phantom. Engaged the following year (1809) in a war with Austria, he lost the battle of Essling, and people fancied that *his star was turning pale*. . . . . Fouché's influence in consequence became still greater. Holding at the same time the ministries of the police and the interior, he raised the national guard *en masse*, on the news of the English expedition, and of their landing at Walcheren. "Let us prove to Europe," said he, in a circular, "that if the genius of Napoleon can give lustre to France by his victories, his presence is not necessary to repulse our enemies."

Bonaparte, having concluded a peace with

Austria, dismissed the national guards, and disgraced a minister who had audacity enough to say that it was possible to conquer without Napoleon. At the epoch of his marriage, and subsequently of my captivity, Bonaparte had endeavoured to enter into negociations for peace with England, through the agency of a commercial house in Holland. Fouché was not let into the secret, and was so far from penetrating it, that he took up the idea himself of intriguing with the Marquis Wellesley. His lordship, struck with the difference in the proposals of the two agents, looked upon them as both equally suspicious, and dismissed them both.

If the duke of Otranto had succeeded in bringing about a peace, it is supposed that no other notice would have been taken of the affair of Valençay. But as that was uncertain, it was necessary to prepare for whatever might happen. The minister therefore temporized until he received news from

his emissary; in the mean time he endeavoured to make sure of me in the event of being unsuccessful.

On the 8th of April, at nine o'clock in the evening, the door of my cell was opened, and the Sieur Paques invited me to accompany him to Paris, where his excellency had ordered me.

On arriving at the hotel of the minister, I met a person who had been invited there for the sole purpose of telling his acquaintance that he had seen me arrive there.*

M. Desmarest received me alone. After a silence of some seconds, he explained to me in terms suitable to the subject, "that the minister not having yet been able to make up his mind decidedly, saw the moment

* "I have seen it!" is the angry reply of credulous persons when any objection is made as to the truth of a fact they have related. *I saw him!* said the person of whom I speak.....and he asserted on the faith of the police that I had just arrived from Valençay.

approaching when it would be impossible for him to listen to the kind of interest which he felt for me in this business; the emperor was already dissatisfied with the delay that had taken place in the forming a commission to try me. Notwithstanding, as the duke of Otranto still clung to the idea of a peace, and to the wish to serve me, he would propose to me, whatever might happen, an expedient honorable for me, and which would acquit my obligations to the British ministry: but if the duke determined on that, it was to be understood that he was to be made thoroughly acquainted with the means which the British government had placed at my disposal; for hitherto I had told him nothing but what he knew himself by his own channels. He wished to know by what means I was to introduce myself at Valençay; in what manner I was to communicate with the admiral, and what cypher-key I had with him. Finally, he

wished to know the correspondent of the British government with whom a credit was opened for the Spanish princes. This last, however, being a matter of mere curiosity, he would not press me to answer, until he had satisfied me of his sincerity, and his wish to be useful to me. I ought to reflect, that my life was in his hands, as well as the fortune of my children. As I was bound in honor to complete my mission, I should be allowed the means of doing so; I should have an opportunity of seeing the prince, and hearing from his own mouth an admission, or a disavowal, of the interest which the king of England expressed to him in his letter; and if, in spite of the reasons which led them to imagine one rather than the other, the prince consented to seize the opportunity of escaping, in that case, only slight impediments would be thrown in the way of his flight; and that then would be the time to avail myself of the funds placed to his credit.

and for which he himself would give me a discharge."....." This is too much," I exclaimed, " what right have you to suppose that I would lend myself to your views? Do you fancy that after loading myself with gold, and infamy, I could regard life as of any value, or that I could prefer you to those who had rendered it pure and delightful! The gross subterfuges with which you cover your proposition, do not in the least deceive me: I tremble at the abyss into which you would precipitate your victims, but God watches over them, He will conduct them by His divine inspiration, He will preserve them, and make the weight of His anger fall upon the guilty! Let me be taken back to Vincennes; you may repeat my answer to him who expects it; go and inform him that I will not consent to go to Valençay, but to acquaint the king of my mission, of my captivity, and of your infamous proposals." — "We will send one

there not quite so mad, not quite so proud." —" He will be turned out."—" We shall see..... Take back this gentleman to Vincennes."

The same day, the 8th of April 1810, I was taken back to Vincennes, which I never left for four years afterwards.

The strictest orders were given to interdict me from all communication with the exterior or interior, and to increase the severity of close confinement, by depriving me of paper, pens, ink, &c. &c. The keeper was enjoined to sleep in my cell, to be on his guard against my affected tranquillity, to listen to any questions, but to answer none, and finally to make an exact report of everything.

I had in my purse about forty louis; I was asked to give them up, under the pretence of not exposing the keeper to reproach, as he had out of respect not ven-

tured to search me when I arrived; on reflexion, I refused point blank.

A few days after, my table was suppressed, and I was reduced to the prison allowance, and to ten sous per day. This new act of oppression made me dread the possibility of a mute condemnation. In vain did I endeavour to extort a word of explanation from Thomas the keeper; he resisted; for in order more strongly to secure his fidelity, I had been represented to him as a man capable of betraying him on the first opportunity. The longer he observed me, however, I remarked that he became less reserved. Compassion, which in persons of his description depends less upon the heart, was excited in him rather by an extraneous road than by my bounty. I flattered myself with deriving advantage from this change, and with an opportunity of trying the best key to prison doors.

One morning, on his return from making his report, Thomas appeared to me more thoughtful and pre-occupied than usual; I gave my own interpretation to his words, I felicitated myself on the approach of my last moments, and I implored him to do me a service which could not compromise him so soon after the event, and for which he would be liberally rewarded. He still hesitated; I began to talk to him of the gratitude of my children....At last he told me that the two Comtes de Polignac,* who were then prisoners of state in the Donjon, had prevailed upon him to introduce them secretly into my cell, and to procure them an interview with me; and that they had pressed this upon him so strongly that he was unable to refuse them.

Oh Providence! this favor, the first which

* One of them, now prince Jules de Polignac is at present ambassador from the king of France to the king of Great Britain.—*Translator.*

I had met with in a desperate predicament, was not the only one by which Thou deignedst to confound me, and to make me bow to Thy decrees! In opening to me a new state of existence, in leading towards me two witnesses of Thy mercy, two inhabitants of those drear abodes, it was Thy will that I should learn of them how to bear the weight of misfortune, to live amidst continual suffering, to elevate myself to that modest courage, and to those Christian virtues which are its source; Thou inspiredst them with that sympathy with misfortune which arises from fidelity, and with the wish to get the proofs of my innocence transmitted to England, under the eyes of my benefactors. And yet in spite of the gratitude with which this favor inspired me, in spite of many other proofs of Thy goodness, I could yet forget myself, and murmur at the obstacles, which Thou didst oppose to my efforts, to my wishes, to my mad under-

takings, to the most criminal outrage!..... Why did I not then apply to myself, what I now do secretly when looking at my family, that consoling and sublime passage of holy writ: *Be tranquil, my son, I know that which is good for thee!*

CHAPTER X.

Visit from Messieurs de Polignac.

SEVERAL times, in the course of the preceding nights, I fancied I had heard at the bars of my window, a dead noise, which I attributed to an owl. How was it possible for me to suppose that a tender solicitude was watching over me in a place so difficult for the least communication. I was ignorant of what it is possible for a noble audacity to perform; of what the desire of consolation suggests to friendly ingenuity; I was not then acquainted with Messrs. de Polignac, and knew not how much they delighted in obliging their companions in honor.

Although my cell was more than sixty feet distant from theirs in an opposite direction, they had several times attempted to open a

communication with me by means of ropes and a long pole. In the sequel, I climbed six feet from the floor of my cell, during the night, in order to reach a small bag which descended to my window, and in which our correspondence was inclosed.

The fruitlessness of their first attempts, far from damping their zeal, induced them to bribe our keeper, who, as he told me himself, had been unable to refuse them. Everything was arranged, and we were about to behold each other. At the appointed time Thomas carefully opened the three doors of my cell; my two kind friends entered, and I threw myself into their arms.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings at the sight of these illustrious prisoners. Involuntarily I caused them a moment's embarassment. . . . . Their refusal persuaded me that they fully excused even the intention which I had had. They informed me that as they were not in close

confinement, they were enabled to avail themselves of their own resources.

Their first act was to put me in possession of the official journal, in which was inserted the report of the minister of police to Bonaparte, relative to my mission; they also provided me with a small quantity of pens, ink, and paper, &c. and promised to furnish me with more.

We agreed that I should, without delay, draw up a protest against the unfaithful report, and give it to them, and that they would endeavour to get it transmitted to Mr. M'Kenzie, the English commissary, who was then at Morlaix, for the proposed exchange of prisoners, both civil and military.

As they were witnesses of my innocence, at the very time that the police were impudently committing a crime, by introducing a vile impositor in my name at Valençay, on the strength of the papers which were to prove my mission, in order to deceive King

Ferdinand, and to cast him into the pit which was yet stained with the blood of a Bourbon,...the Counts de Polignac gave me the most solemn assurances that at the day of reckoning, they would bear testimony to my truth and sincerity, and if I should happen to fall before that, that they would undeceive the British government.

In this too brief conversation I also learned the arrival at the Donjon of a prisoner, who was supposed to be the emissary sent to England, by the duke of Otranto, for the famous negociation, which I have mentioned in the preceding chapter. Bonaparte being much surprised at the unceremonious dismissal of his own agent, had employed his counter-police to discover the causes of it; he soon learned that M. Ouvrard had been Fouché's principal agent, and while the latter was attending a council at Saint Cloud, Savary had orders to go and arrest Ouvrard at Paris, and to convey him to Vincennes.

It was this circumstance which determined the duke of Otranto to proceed with the affair of Valençay, and to send there one of his agents, as M. Desmarest had threatened me; for the same reason I escaped being shot.

Here follows Fouché's report :[1]

"*Paris, April 25th,* 1810.

"I have already acquainted your majesty that by an extraordinary courier, the Sieur Berthemy, the staff officer commanding at Valençay, had apprized me that a Baron de Kolli had introduced himself into the chateau, under the character of an English envoy, to Prince Ferdinand, in his pretended quality of King of Spain. This person having been brought to my office, I transmit to your Majesty, 1st, the letter of M. Berthemy announcing the arrest and the forwarding of the said

[1] From the Cabinet of St. Cloud.

Kolli; 2nd, copy of the letter of Prince Ferdinand to M. Berthemy, informing him of the arrival of Kolli; 3rd, copy of Kolli's interrogatory; 4th, 5th, and 6th, copies of the three letters, of which Kolli was the bearer. Two of these letters are addressed by King George to Prince Ferdinand, one of them in Latin; and finally there is one of Prince Ferdinand, which I have enclosed. I have caused Kolli to be arrested, and have sent him into close confinement in the Donjon of Vincennes; and I wait your majesty's further orders on the subject. The diamonds and other effects of this person are deposited at the office of the general police.

(Signed) "FOUCHÉ."

The reader may easily suppose the horror I felt at the perusal of this ministerial report, of that tissue of falsehood which was to deceive the public, and cover me with ignominy and opprobrium! This execrable invention of an evil genius belongs entirely

to the head of the government; * the duke of Otranto accuses M. Desmarest of it, whom he styles a —; this last, I suppose, throws the blame upon his master.

Be that as it may, it is quite clear that if the ministerial police had succeeded in its attempt, there was an end of King Ferdinand. A greater crime would have, at that time, crowned the atrocities of Bayonne; a commission, formed of the same elements of ferocity, and directed by the same orders, as in the case of the Duke of Enghien, would have proclaimed and put in practice the right of assasinating kings! At the same time the true knight, the only accusing witness, would have disappeared in the depth of his dungeon; while a scoundrel, † possessed of his credentials, after executing the

* See the Duke of Otranto's declaration in a subsequent page.

† This man is still living, under the mantle of impunity, which has covered much greater criminals.

orders of the head of the government, and receiving 12,000 francs, as a first allowance,* would have enjoyed the honors and distinctions which should only be the reward of loyal and truly honorable services!

But could they do no less than add to one crime, another still more atrocious? Could not Bonaparte make my proceedings known to the public until the very moment of the king's flight? Why did that police, which was so proud of its character, not wait to catch the bird upon the wing? The real truth is: the mystery which covered the object of my journey occasioned the apprehension that an attempt on Bonaparte's person was the object in view. But after having been at fault on so many occasions, and upon the present, by an inconsiderate publicity, by its folly, and by glaring errors in the day and date, which will be pointed

* According to his receipt found among the papers connected with this affair.

out, could not this police obtain the formation of a commission devoted to its will, in order to try me? The government was compromised, and found a more certain expedient; the gradual decay of my physical strength would effect the same result, and secure the enjoyment of my fortune to the butchers of the police, while the memory of their victim was loaded with opprobrium.

CHAPTER XI.

Proofs of the crime meditated by the French ministry.

COPY OF THE LETTER ADDRESSED TO THE MINISTER OF GENERAL POLICE,* BY M. DE BERTHEMY, ANNOUNCING THE ARREST AND DESPATCH OF KOLLI, TO PARIS.

"*Valençay, April 6th,* 1810.

"MONSEIGNEUR,

"I have the honor to inform your excellency, by an extraordinary courier, of the event which has just taken place at Valençay.

M. d'Amezaga, intendant of the establishment of the Spanish princes, having come

* The original copies of the papers here transcribed were given me in 1818 and 1819, during a residence which I made in France, on purpose to obtain them.

to apprise me, by order of prince Ferdinand, that an English emissary had introduced himself into the chateau, I instantly waited upon the prince, whom I found in a state of great agitation.

"The English," said he to me, "have done a great deal of mischief to the Spanish nation; under my name they are still occasioning the effusion of blood. The English minister, equally deceived by the false notion that I am forcibly detained here, has proposed to me means of escape; he has sent an individual to me, who, under pretence of selling me works of art, was to deliver me a message from his Britannic majesty George III.

"I very soon discovered, and arrested this emissary, who declared himself to be the Baron de Kolli, entrusted with a mission from the British government to prince Ferdinand. I have sent him, under confinement, to your excellency, along with the numerous papers of which he was the bearer. The interroga-

tory which you will make him undergo, will, I have no doubt, make known all the particulars of his plans, and accomplices.

"I think it my duty to take this opportunity of repeating to your excellency, what I have already had the honor to observe to you: prince Ferdinand is actuated by the best dispositions, of which he was giving proofs at the very moment that the Baron de Kolli presented himself with the unlucky message, which caused all this scandal.

"Nothing certainly was easier to anticipate than the reception which has been given to him. I request your excellency to give me a particular receipt for the different articles which I have addressed to you. I have the honor to be, &c. &c.

(Signed) "BERTHEMY."

It will be seen afterwards, that the governor, who had received instructions conformable, was desired to give directions to this police agent how to act, and even to deliver

the king into his hands by means of false orders!

The minister of police was not satisfied with calumniating the king of Spain by the publication of the preceding report; the fidelity of that might have been suspected, but to give greater weight to it he subjoined what follows:—

COPY OF THE LETTER ATTRIBUTED TO PRINCE FERDINAND, DATED APRIL 8TH, 1810, AND TRANSMITTED BY FOUCHÉ TO THE GOVERNOR OF VALENÇAY, FOR THE PURPOSE OF BEING RE-TRANSMITTED TO HIM BY THE GOVERNOR.

"GOVERNOR,

"A stranger has just been introduced into this palace, under the pretence of making turnery work; he has immediately had the audacity to make proposals to M. d'Amezaga,* our usher, to carry me off from

* Fouché's creature did not make the proposal to Amezaga, but to the Infant Don Antonio, whom he mistook for his majesty, as will be seen in his own declaration.

Valençay, to deliver some letters to me, of which he is the bearer, and finally to carry into effect the plan of this scandalous enterprise.

" I wished to inform you myself, that I am well informed respecting the affair ..... and to repeat to you the sentiments of horror, with which this infernal plan has inspired me, ... and I trust that the authors and accomplices of it will be punished as they deserve.

" Accept the assurances, &c, &c.

(Signed) " FERDINAND."

" Conformable to the original,

(Signed) " BERTHEMY."

Let us for a moment examine these precious documents. The governor says, in his letter to the minister of police, that prince Ferdinand having apprised him, &c. he instantly waited upon him, and found him in a state of great agitation. He should have added that the king's agitation arose from strong indignation, and the most marked sus-

picion, in short, from the certainty, that the police had addressed one of its agents to him.

To believe that the king ever used the language attributed to him in the letters of the governor of Valençay, would indicate the most perfect ignorance of ministerial artifices. A very slight knowledge of them will satisfy any one, that all the parts of this scene had been cast before-hand, by the famous author of all the tragedies which have signalized the imperial government.

But it is not my intention to make any comments on a story so badly put together. I will confine myself to directing the reader's attention to the dates of the different facts related in these documents. The governor of Valençay makes a report to the minister on the 6th of April, and announces to him a letter of the 8th, in which the king informs him of what has *just* happened. M. de Berthemy therefore had *not* waited on the prince, or the prince had *not* told him that he dis-

approved of the solicitude of his faithful and sincere ally. If he *had* waited on the king, his majesty did not write the letter attributed to him; if the king informed him by letter, on the 8th of April, of an event which had *just* taken place, M. de Berthemy could not have written the letter of the 6th attributed to him by the minister, and consequently two days before the catastrophe took place.*

A conception not less iniquitous than that which I have just mentioned, is almost perceptible in the last lines of the minister's report, and in some coincident expressions in the governor's letter.

It was not enough to have succeeded in drawing the king into a snare, but he must be exhibited downcast, and imploring the dishonor of becoming the adopted son of Bonaparte; with that view, a letter was produced and attributed to that prince, who as an In-

* See the confessions of M. de Berthemy, inserted in the sequel of these Memoirs.

fant of Spain would have felt himself degraded by the alliance,—to that Ferdinand VII., who at Bayonne displayed in his resistance to Bonaparte, strength of mind, force of genius, and ability in negociation. That letter* dated 4th of April, (consequently only a few days ago before the affair of Valençay) which has been so much quoted by the enemies of legitimacy, and the hired scribblers of the revolution .... that letter we say is equally a forgery, as is proved by the declaration of the duke of Otranto himself.†

It may be easily imagined that the contrivers of the treaty of Bayonne had not calculated how many crimes it was necessary for them to commit.

I cannot finish this chapter without directing attention to the situation of king Ferdinand, which an officer less devoted to his duties could not have helped rendering addi-

* On the pretended adoption.

† See this declaration in a subsequent page.

tionally unpleasant, for the very reason that the police cared nothing about debasing or compromising him, in employing him as its agent, and making him transmit, as copies conformable to the original, the forgeries which had been executed by itself.

The arrest of several persons, implicated with me in the affair of Valençay, and their liberation, the same evening that I was sent to Vincennes, no doubt awakened the suspicions of the Spanish princes. This supposition will acquire greater weight, if we calculate the time that elapsed between the day of my arrest and that of the ministerial report. Besides, the king had still friends to put him on his guard against the machinations of the police. From the 25th of March to the 25th of April some well-timed information was conveyed, which entirely baffled the hopes of the police. Was this at all surprising? Had I not found succours in that very dungeon into which they had plunged me?

CHAPTER XI.

Communications of the author to the British government.—Cruelties to which he was subjected in prison.

IN the manner I had arranged with the counts de Polignac, I transmitted them my protest, addressed to the Marquis Wellesley, accompanied by a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

"My Lord,

"My journal will inform your lordship of my proceedings, and of the result which has attended them up to this day; of the political iniquity, and of the snare prepared by the enemy of the Bourbons, a snare in which he has himself been caught. I shall add little more; the tomb is opened, and it will probably be closed by the time you

receive this protest. Your lordship's humanity and generosity need not prevent its publication, as it may be of use to the defenders of the great cause, and which is as interesting to the Spanish nation as to the glory of their monarch.

"The only moments of pleasure which I can feel before I expire, will arise from observing the confusion and impotent rage of the persons who surround me; to your lordship I shall owe these.

"Farewell, my lord! My last prayer will be for the government which has honored me, and to whose generosity I bequeath my children.

"*From the Donjon at Vincennes,*

"*May 4th,* 1810."

Several months elapsed without my hearing anything connected with this dispatch. My relations with the counts de Polignac continued unknown. Thomas, who had become tractable and docile, received all that

I gave him, without taking much pains to conceal his expenditure of it. This carelessness might ruin him; I trembled lest the observant eye of his superiors, or those who envied him (for what profession is there so mean that can be protected from it), should soon detect the cause and the source of his riches; and with a man so weak, the slightest suspicion would soon have been changed into certainty; the most simple question, or the least threat, would have drawn a full confession from him. He had been excused from sleeping in the cell, and every evening he retired after locking up. When once alone, I opened the first door by means of a piece of twine, which was attached to the external bolt, and brought inside through an opening, in such a way, that by pulling it cautiously, the bolt was drawn from its hinges, and allowed me the enjoyment of a corridor of about twelve yards, which was well lighted by two windows perpendicular with the

dormer windows by which my friends communicated with me. Whenever they received any visit from without, if the news was good, count Armand played upon the clarionet that air of former times, *J'ai du bon tabac, &c.* The echo of this vast imperial pigeon-house repeated most accurately sounds which I thought quite heavenly.

To divert my solitude, I exercised myself by writing on different subjects, sometimes gay and sometimes melancholy, according to the humour I was in. Count Julius, whose talent for poetry is as remarkable as that of his brother for music, was good enough to take the pains of correcting my compositions. Notwithstanding this kindness, I am very doubtful if ever I could reach the very least of his talents. My existence was then not without its pleasures; but the moment was fast approaching, when I not only felt myself miserable, but was really so. Already deprived of my liberty, I then lost air, exer-

cise, and the means of occupation. I complained bitterly of these severities; I asked not to live, but to forget that I was left to perish; I asked to breathe the air. The commandant of this place of suffering was always telling me that he would solicit that permission for me.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of an escape, I flattered myself with discovering some means of effecting it, if I was allowed to leave my dungeon. Thomas, who was too timid to have the least wish to assist me, carefully avoided every opportunity of giving me information respecting the *local* and the external guard of the prison.

To crown my anxiety, my money began to run short; I could not without imprudence ask for any from the British government, and still less from its correspondent . . . . . More real wants than any I had yet experienced began to assail me strongly. I lost my rest, my sleep, and even the power

of volition. My mind, which had hitherto been quick and ready at disengaging itself from the too great tension of ideas, became heavy about trifles; I felt an oppression somewhat akin to that which produces tears. I tried, without effect, to continue writing, until fatigue and weariness should throw me asleep; day frequently surprised me in the same place, and the same attitude, as the night before.

At last the commandant came to take me out himself into the open air, and to walk one hour a day with me. He observed my eyes, and followed their movements attentively. M. Gillet was not a wicked man; the docility of his character, rather than his address or penetration, had induced the duke of Otranto to nominate him to the situation. He neglected no duty; he was always present when I was examined, as well at all my conversations with the keeper Fauconnier (who had previously been gaoler of the pri-

son of the Temple); both of them were in some degree only the lacqueys of the inspector Paques.

It was nearly about the same time, that, upon my urgent and repeated demands for it, I was furnished with shirts and bed linen, which I destined, as will shortly be seen, for a very important purpose.

The removal of the counts de Polignac to a *maison de santé* was a source of happiness to me. The loss of their consoling attentions, although very great, had no part in the effusion of heart which I felt: their adieus, the last mark of their attachment, solely affected me. Those, who like me, have been miserable captives, can imagine my joy, at witnessing a favorable change in the lot of my companions. Noble Frenchmen! you bequeathed me as a legacy to another unfortunate who, by your departure, also lost his best friends; you engaged him to support my courage, and to profit by the com-

munications which your kind solicitude had devised. How richly do you deserve the recompences which Providence has at last awarded you! the heroism and piety which distinguished you, formed the strongest claims upon its goodness.

The night following, the faithful owl again appeared at my window; it brought me a letter full of affecting and religious consolation. My new neighbour was a worthy ecclesiastic, whose christian fidelity had excited the anger of an impious government. For the space of two months, I received from his charity the spiritual counsels which the barbarity and hard-heartedness of Bonaparte's instruments made them refuse to his enemies: his discourses, at the same time that they cleared my mind of the errors under which I had till then laboured, were of a nature to aid and support me in the last years of my sufferings. But alas! hu-

man weakness stands in need of continual watchfulness, and recognizes its subjection only when it is not too much exposed again to forget itself.

Hitherto, I had only found friends to be almost immediately deprived of them. Their influence over my reason would have ensured my coming out victorious from the frightful predicament into which I was thrown. . . . . Before I relate the subsequent events in their regular order, I must acquaint the reader with the ingenious method by which the Abbé de Bournissac succeeded in obtaining a conditional liberty.

He was perfectly acquainted with the weak points of the oppressor; he knew how implacable he was towards those who dared to censure him, condemning them to terminate their existence in the state prisons. To appear resigned was to irritate his animosity; but to sooth the reveries of his pride, and

flatter his ambitious projects, was a means of repairing heavy offences, and of appearing to deserve indulgence.

M. de Bournissac, who was a very superior chymist, resigned himself to direct his knowledge of that science towards the great object of the continental system. In consequence, he asked for, and obtained, the proper utensils for coction, set about making sugar from grapes, and very soon succeeded beyond his expectation. The minister accepted a present of one of the finest loaves that could be desired, and in the warmth of his joy, sent it as a burnt-offering to the star of the west! The clouds were instantly dispersed, a voice more auspicious than that of the augurs of the Tagus* was heard to pro-

* Menaces of Bonaparte to the Portuguese and Spaniards, in his proclamation of the 7th December, 1808. "But if all my efforts are vain, and you show yourselves unworthy of my confidence, it will only remain for me to

nounce that M. de Bournissac had ceased to irritate his imperial majesty, and that he was free.

Notwithstanding this solemn declaration, we were both for a time in doubt; but my excellent friend at last saw the oracle accomplished. Again left to myself, I should have fallen into the state of dejection from which his agreeable conversation had roused me, if the friendly owl had not come at the usual hour to bring me the consolations of another unfortunate being, whose mind appeared to have urgent occasion for mine. M. Laneuville sunk under the cruel treatment to which he was subjected; his reason gradually weakened, and presented at last a melancholy example of the frailness of our organs.

plant my eagles on the towers of Lisbon, and to treat you as conquered provinces, &c. &c. For God has given me strength and resolution to surmount every obstacle," &c.

I was soon to know by my own experience what strength was required to bear up against continual severities.

One of the English newspapers had given some slight hints of the real truth of the affair of Valençay ; and although the paragraph appeared to be the editor's, the police discovered something in it, which they could attribute to no one but me. The minister was led to suppose that my correspondence was well established outside the Donjon, and that my letters went regularly on certain days; he hoped to surprise me in the midst of my writing occupation. Thomas was watched and followed every time he crossed the draw-bridge; his fears were so many proofs against him : at last the formidable Paques suddenly entered one day into my cell, and asked, *if he disturbed my writing.* Fortunately the sound of his heavy step gave me time to conceal about my person a small pocket book, in which were

inclosed the valuable papers, which I had hitherto secreted from the blood-hounds of the Donjon; while the pick-locks were turning in the locks, and the bolts oiling to make less noise, I also contrived to hide my paper. Six men made a search, sounded the floor, beat the wall, and made the bars ring, without discovering anything; in the middle of this disturbance I stood with my back against the wall, and listened in silence to the torrent of abuse which was vented on the person suspected of acting as my agent for Paris and London. "The duke of Rovigo," said Paques, "will punish most severely any of the keepers, who shew the least inclination to favor the enemies of the state." I told him that the wolf would never be mistaken for the dog by a prisoner, notwithstanding the resemblance between them. Finding nothing that he was in search of, Paques went off with his escort.

The duke of Otranto was then no longer

minister! certainly no one had better claims to succeed him than Savary, the head of the counter-police, who accordingly entered gloriously into office on the 3rd of June 1810; his predecessor, although disgraced, was nominated to the government of Rome, as they were still afraid of him. Bonaparte sent him an order, through marshal Berthier, to deliver up his correspondence, that is to say, the orders and instructions which emanated directly from the cabinet of St. Cloud. Fouché pleaded that they were documents for his own justification, and refused to give them up. He was banished to his seat near Aix. There, either through fear, or the expectation of being restored to favor, he delivered up, on condition that he was not to be molested for any of the acts of his administration, all the papers which the emperor demanded. The duke of Otranto at that time thought that he had no occasion for any other guarantee.

After Paques's visit, the privilege of the short hour's walk, which had been allowed me by the commandant, Gillet, was withdrawn; the door of the corridor by which I extended my excursions had an immense padlock put upon it, and my new keeper was inexorable.

This fellow, who was an old soldier of the French guard, was a tippling idle rascal, who seemed to take a pleasure in inflicting pain. Sometimes, however, to deceive his victims, he would grumble against his superiors: "If I had but an income of fifty louis," said he, "I would be no longer a gaoler."

It is a very stale truth, that all men have their manias, but I have scarcely ever met with any one so singular as that of Larose. This man, who had spent his earlier years in the *corps de garde,* and after his superannuation had become a turnkey, was ambitious to be thought learned in the knowledge of

the church ceremonies, and in the interpretation of the Scriptures!

My stock of writing paper was drawing to an end. I became terrified at the prospect of what would be the state of my mind, if I should be left for whole years without occupation, without the means of keeping up those dreams of hope, the dear fictions of an afflicted heart, or without anything to divert my lingering agony. I was refused even a musical instrument, the sounds drawn from which by melancholy thoughts would have been to me like the strains of the funeral organ, or like the hymn of *de profundis*.

Ever since the departure of the counts de Polignac, the prisoners had been denied all musical instruments, not only because they had been made use of to keep up correspondences, but still more on account of the interest with which they had inspired the public and the garrison.

The duke of Rovigo was indifferent to the infliction of lingering death, provided the sufferings of his victims were increased.

Only one alternative remained to me, but the difficulties which it presented would have daunted any other prisoner less accustomed than I was to bear fatigue of body and anxiety of mind.

The wall against which my couch was placed sounded hollow; and, as I supposed that it separated me from the third floor, I determined to bore through it, at the part where its thickness was least. For that purpose I made use of an iron rod which had belonged to a stove, put there by the Count de Los Rios, or by M. Macanaz, my predecessor; with a piece of wire, I attached to it my last morsel of paper, on which I had written in pencil these lines: "Whoever you are, misfortune unites us, and makes it a duty to lend each other mutual assistance; I apply to you for that

which your not being *au secret* enables you to grant. Please to get me a little plaister to cover the surface of the hole through which I communicate with you; some very thin writing paper; and some large sewing needles and thread. Rely upon my gratitude, and upon that secrecy which our situation requires."

The surprise of M. P * * *, my neighbour, may be easily imagined at the strange apparition of my letter. He gave an exclamation of alarm, which brought his companions about him; to astonishment shortly succeeded interest; the answer returned was cautious, and properly so..... all our fates were at stake. However, these gentlemen set about getting some information respecting me, as secretly as their situation would allow; and after a consultation, in which pity got the better of apprehension, they determined to oblige me, and commissioned M. P *** to keep up their correspondence with me.

A few days after, he complied with all my

requests. His long detention had rendered him extremely cautious and prudent, and these qualities made him conceal his sentiments, with a degree of reserve, which was quite in contrast with his wish to oblige. The best natural character gets soured by a course of ill treatment; the uniformity of sensations, ennui, disgust, discouragement, and perhaps a little egotism, produce the rest. When I came to know M. P * * * better, I was enabled to appreciate qualities in him, which neither age nor misfortune had at all affected.

A certain number of knocks against the wall was at once the signal of attention and of action; instantly each of us opened the hole on his own side, made our exchanges, and the signal to shut the hole closed our correspondence. The only fear we had, was that of being surprized at the moment of our communication; we were fortunate enough never to meet with that mischance.

Some words which escaped the keepers, and which he overheard, obliged M. P * * * one day to suspend our correspondence; we even went so far as to destroy every vestige that would have proved its existence.

To obtain a knowledge of my connections was still the great object of the police researches. The tempting bait of the funds which were destined for the Spanish princes, spurred them on to trace if possible the correspondent in whose hands they expected to seize a treasure. What a fine subject for the display of the new minister's talents! What an excuse for the employment of every device likely to make me commit myself by a false step. With one word I could have dissipated all hopes of the kind; but I took a pleasure in feeding them by an affectation of mystery. I paid very dear for that poor satisfaction.

The turnkey Larose was succeeded by a man named Lerouge, who called himself a friend of *poor* Thomas. Under an appear-

ance of sensibility, this fellow concealed the most execrable villany; under the auspices of crime he was every evening taking lessons for the next day's treachery. I was deceived by him in consequence of subduing my own feelings, became his dupe, and had nearly fallen by my own hands in consequence.

He began his career by arts of suppleness and little attentions to which his predecessors had disaccustomed me. But as he saw that I was suspicious, he affected to be grieved, and to be very silent; the least kind word from me appeared to flatter him, and to stimulate his zeal. He pretended to be extremely sorry for poor Thomas—said that he had no means of returning his kindness but by sending him some of his savings—that every time he met his wife, in spite of the risk he ran in their being seen together, he gave her something;—that God was witness to his desire of being useful to his friend. &c.

I confess that my suspicions diminished, and that strong prejudice gave way to compassion; at last I suffered myself to be led away by the desire of relieving the wants of Thomas, certainly with less circumspection than a man of sense ought to have exhibited. Having still about 50 francs left, I gave a part of that sum to Lerouge, with a promise to give him more, if he would faithfully convey a letter, written with sympathetic ink, to the generous priest, who had been acquainted with my first attempt, and who had not been troubled beyond one day in consequence. I recommended to his charity the poor Thomas, who I supposed was still in prison,* &c. &c. Lerouge put his hand upon the Testament which I presented to him, swore upon it that he would deliver the letter as directed, took the money, and went out with a promise that he would bring me an answer next day.

* He had been set at liberty.

I fell asleep shortly after. In a dream I thought I saw Lerouge advancing towards me cautiously from the end of my dungeon; his looks were expressive of trouble and anxiety. I held out my hand to him, which he laid hold of violently as if he wished to bite it; but instead of teeth, I saw nothing in his mouth but little rolls of paper in the shape of sweetmeat devices. Awaking suddenly, the dull noise of a door creaking on its hinges made me get up, and call out, who was there: the deepest silence dissipated my alarm. At that moment the clock of the Donjon struck twelve. I had never been in the slightest degree affected by dreams; this which I have related, I impute to the disposition of my mind, and the apprehension of a thing which had occupied me for several days successively. Whatever was the cause, at the usual hour next day another turnkey did the duty, and at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 7th of February, 1811, I was

attacked by six myrmidons of the police, determined to search me thoroughly, or to maim me. They were under the orders of the inspector Paques, who, with the most insulting expressions, ordered them to sabre me, if I made the least resistance. . . . The gendarmes advanced, and the keepers crept alongside of the wall, in order to lay hold of me by the shoulders. Up to that moment I had met silent acts of vengeance calmly, and with presence of mind: on this occasion the loss of a pocket book, which contained valuable papers, would have affected me more sensibly, than the destruction of all my hopes. The want of a defensive weapon throwing me into a state of frenzy, I stabbed myself under the left breast with five strokes of the scissars, the only instrument which had escaped the search of the robbers. . . . I immediately fell, swimming in blood. The barbarian who had driven me to this act of despair, called to me

in a tone of the most cutting irony, "Die! die! we will bury you."

To save appearances, however, he withdrew. I did not recover from my swoon until the middle of the night. On coming to my senses, I raised myself to pray to God for forgiveness of the involuntary crime I had committed, and that He would inspire me with the sentiments of love and repentance, which turn away His wrath. I ventured also, though unworthy of mercy, to solicit the Divine protection for innocence and weakness.

Finding myself still in a burning fever, I dragged myself towards the table to get some water; I laid hold of a bottle, swallowed half of its contents, and poured the other half over my wounds; it happened to be a bottle of lavender-water, which I had procured at the early part of my imprisonment. I probably owe my return to life to this violent remedy; a forced sleep

and violent perspiration considerably relieved me, and I awoke at the first dawn of day.

Paques had deferred until the next day, the securing the object of his researches, as he hoped by that time to find me dead; in order to make more sure of it, and doubtless also that he might never be reproached with this murder, he forbade any one entering my cell to render me assistance. Such was the police!

Larose (of whom I have already spoken) was one of the turnkeys who assisted at the affair of the preceding evening; he entered my cell sixteen hours afterwards, with a loaf and a pitcher of water, which he put upon the table. Advancing towards me, with downcast eyes, he thought he perceived a movement, which made him tremble for his life, and instantly called out, "Ah! Sir, do not kill me." Discovering his mistake, he came and looked at me more closely, and immediately ran

away. A few minutes afterwards, the commandant, who on some pretence or other had been called out of the Donjon while this outrage was perpetrating, came in great haste, and protested that the duke of Rovigo was wholly ignorant of the outrageous conduct of the person who had introduced himself in his name, to maim me, or drive me to despair; and that he was that very instant going to prepare a report, and send it to his excellency. "The minister," said I to him, "rather expects to receive from you a *procès-verbal*, certifying, that this morning the turnkey, on entering my cell, found that I had committed suicide." The poor commandant, who I have reason to believe, was a scrupulous man, immediately sent for a confidential surgeon. Two of the wounds were rather severe, but there was no reason to be apprehensive for my life.

On the same day, M. P * * * made the signal at the wall; I made an effort to

scrawl a few lines to this effect: "The barbarians have driven me to despair. I know not whether I shall recover of my wounds. Thanks for all.—If Providence should spare you, send these papers to their address; send notice also to the British government of my death. Adieu."

His note informed me that at the time the attack was making upon me, the person to whom I had written was arrested, and shut up in the Donjon, and that Thomas had been sent to the Bicêtre.

Insensible to my own misfortunes, I could not help being deeply affected at the sufferings of the friend, to whom my acquaintance had been so fatal. He was transported to Verceil in Piedmont: but what could they do to shake that Christian virtue which had withstood the rudest shocks of life? His charity was heavenly, and God alone who knew it, can reward it.

Worn out by adversity, I had lost that sub-

mission which is necessary to morality. Without wishing to excuse myself, I attributed to the influence of opinions, a resistance, the cause of which was to be found in physical strength, and the warmth of my constitution.

The second year of my captivity commenced, without bringing any other change in me, than what a deep melancholy produced on my mind. A prey to continued anxiety, my health recovered very slowly. The commandant Gillet would willingly have allowed me, from time to time, some hours of fresh air and exercise; but he himself depended upon an inspecting authority; he had the keeper Fauconnier as his *surveillant*, with whom the general police had a point of contact which was of great use to its interests. To divide in order to be well served was the maxim of that perfidious authority, as it was and is of all tyrants.

The police wished to put an interdict on the communication between the Donjon and the

rest of the world, so that nothing that happened within that proud monument should ever go beyond its walls. The duke of Rovigo, with that view, made a selection of persons on whom he could rely, whose enlightened zeal and talents, known to his excellency, not only secured the secrets of the state, but his own life.

A physician,* under the title of inspector of the health of state prisoners, was more particularly engaged to watch the prisons and the persons employed in them.

Shortly after his first visit I was removed to another cell, more secure, but more unwholesome. With the end of my convalescence commenced other bodily ailments, which were likely to last as long as my life. "Why," said I to myself, "since they endeavour to destroy me, should I fear, with

* He now fills an employment whose income is the whole subsistence of his family; I shall not mention his name.

courage and necessity, to run a risk which affords me some probabilities of escaping?" I examined my new situation very attentively, and after acquiring resolution from the success of my first attempts, commenced in earnest the work of my deliverance.

CHAPTER XIII.

Attempt to escape.

THE Donjon of Vincennes, which has been used as a state prison for so many centuries, has only seen its ancient walls give way *twice* to the efforts of patience and the love of liberty; of *two* escapes which were effected from it in the course of five hundred years, one was favored by external aid,* the other was effected by the courage and perseverance of a prisoner† left to his own resources. But at the period of the last, which was a considerable time before the revolution, the Donjon was nothing like what it became under Bonaparte, thanks to the united talents of Fouché and of Savary.

The interior was less extensive and badly

* The Duke de Beaufort, in 1648.

† M. de Latude, about 1750.

distributed, and had not a sufficient number of isolated *secret cells*, or *strong rooms*, to hold all the royalists, or foreigners faithful to their sovereigns, whom the police wished to throw into them; but a most skilful combination supplied the want of room, and Vincennes at last possessed all the requisites that could be desired for an excellent state prison. A square gallery forty-two feet high by twelve wide, having four little turrets at the angles, isolates the Donjon from the body of the fortress. Its height is one hundred and fifty feet, and it rises in the midst of a parallelogrammatic line; the walls are thirteen feet thick at the base, and five at the top; the foundations are forty feet deep; the stones with which it is built are of a granite species; they are laid together by *juxta-position*, and united by a mortar composed of gravel and iron-waste; the partial shape of the Donjon is a right angle with four towers, corresponding with the four cardinal points; the sub-

division is into four stories, besides an addition of recent construction. Each story has a large hall, and each tower a *secret cell.* The common staircase is spiral, into which light is thrown by openings of fourteen inches long by four wide. The great staircase, called *the queen's,* goes no further than the third story. A leaden platform crowns the building; it is surrounded by an enormous iron railing, which in case of necessity might be used very appropriately as a balustrade to the statue of a certain statesman.

This edifice seems to brave the effects of time by its solidity, and yet I ventured to indulge the hope of liberating myself from it.

The only possible method of escape appeared to be by scaling the Donjon, and getting out at the drawbridge: but to do that I required to break two iron gratings of immoderate thickness, one on the outside and the other on the inside of the window, with the whole breadth of the wall between

them. How was it possible to keep from the notice of the keepers, the progress of a task so much beyond the strength of one man to accomplish? Weakened by so many local or accidental causes, having only an uncertain hope to support me, and little to assist me but a slight iron rod, of two feet long and four lines diameter, it was only the deepest sense of my misery which could have instigated me to seek for safety in such an undertaking.

The iron rod I converted into a species of chisel for the purpose of excavating the inner lining of the wall in the shape of a bee-hive. I made use of the end of a pair of tongs sharpened, to cut out the intervals of the holes of this hive until I got to the centre of the wall, where I should find greater facilities. I used a piece of the wood of my couch as a lever; an iron-bound stool enabled me to raise the larger stones, and place them by their centre of equilibrium, on the

mechanical principle; a large sponge kept the cell in a proper state of cleanliness, to prevent suspicion; a syringe injected the intervals of the stones, where the mortar would not give way; and finally the bed and body linen which had been given me, I destined to the purpose of making a very strong rope.

After making my observations, I attacked the wall behind an inner door, which led into a small cell communicating with mine, in such a way that it concealed a part of the hole when it was opened. As an additional precaution, I accustomed the keeper, Larose, to the sight of a quantity of rags of all sorts, hanging over the least part of the opening, and to furnish me with a large quantity of water.

On the 1st of May, 1811, I opened the works at breast height, in order that the exertion of my whole strength might render

the execution less difficult. The stone resisted, and did not yield more than an inch per day. On the 1st of June following, the hive having been completed in the whole extent of the first stone, the intervals were soon broken down, and I found less difficulty in loosening the stones of the interior.

As I was obliged to work during the day, I ran considerable risk of a surprise, notwithstanding the quickness with which I covered the hole, when I heard the noise of doors opening. One day, when I least expected it, the commandant Gillet entered my cell, to pay me a farewell visit, and introduce me to his successor, an officer of gendarmes, then in favor, and whom M. Savary, who had long known him, considered fitter for the command of the prison. I had barely time to shake off the dust from my long beard, (which had not been

shaved for four months) and to throw a lynx's skin, my only covering against the damp, over my shoulders.

The alarm into which my horrible appearance threw these gentlemen prevented them from remarking my disorder, or from entering into the little cell, where they would have seen the breach I had made. They left me, with an encouragement to expect some alleviation of my sufferings.

A few days afterwards I ran the same danger of being surprised; *Doctor R * * * came in quite *mal-a-propos*; I seated myself on the close-stool, and pretended to have a sudden occasion. The doctor retired, and seemed under the same apprehensions as a certain Limousin gentleman in the farce; the more he insisted on retiring, the more I pressed him to remain: the scene went no further, and I escaped once more.

* Nicknamed *the Crocodile* by the prisoners, on account of his connection with Savary.

In order to guard against such accidents for the future, I determined to sell a gold chain, which I still possessed, in order to procure some candles to enlighten my labours during the night.

By degrees the cavity was enlarged, but as the rubbish increased in proportion, I was obliged to suspend my labours, until it pleased the doctor to prescribe me some hours' exercise in the court. In the mean time I filled my truckle-bed with all the rubbish of stones and plaister which I took from the cavity.

At last I obtained permission to breathe one hour's fresh air every two or three days. I was apprized beforehand of the time, in order that I might be ready to come out at the instant they found most convenient to themselves.

On these occasions I loaded myself from head to foot with all the portable rubbish I could carry, and with this rough lining

which severely scratched my body, I made my way, wrapped up in my large lynx-skin covering, to the necessary, where I speedily got rid of the load. The fatigue occasioned by such severe labor, and by prolonged watching, gave me an air of suffering, and of difficulty in walking, which removed suspicion, and contributed in no small degree to the tranquillity of my keeper. Fortunately it never struck him to visit the cell when I was out of it, or more probably, he preferred keeping his eye upon me during the promenade.

Surprised at not having yet reached the exterior lining, I measured the depth of the part I had undermined, when, to my extreme mortification, I found that the direction I had taken, which I had hitherto supposed to be perpendicular, was diagonal, and lost in the curved thickness of the northern tower. Overwhelmed at this mistake, I should have been completely

discouraged, had it not been for the habit I had contracted of always occupying myself about some plan, however chimerical, and the necessity I was under of continuing my labours, the discovery of which would, under every circumstance, have exposed me to fresh severities. I then examined the means of regaining the original direction, and of turning my first excavation to some advantage; after well considering it, I made it serve as a receptacle for the fresh rubbish, and thereby avoided the risks which I had been exposed to at the hours of promenade, by the method I had till then followed.

At last after six months labour and continued precautions, the detail of which would appear tedious, I succeeded in coming to, and unloosening, the last stone of the external facing, so as to be able to draw it in at pleasure, without making anything fall outside.

Never was any architect more delighted in contemplating his labours than I was, in the midst of my crater. The passage of the air through the walls gave me a degree of pleasure, perhaps superior to the joy which a man feels on his liberation from a long slavery. I sat down; the desire of a heart steeped in affliction is that of offering to the Creator its first consolations, its first hopes! ...After indulging for a few moments in a delightful reverie, I replaced each stone in its place in the most convenient position.

My rope still remained to be made.

With the sheets which I had procured in the first days of my captivity, and which I had not yet used, I made twelve rolls, each ten feet long, and about the thickness of a finger; I joined these together by knots large enough to cling to, and strengthened at short spaces by other smaller knots.

The night of the 24th of October, 1811,

was that which I fixed upon for effecting my escape, and I arranged my plan upon the following data. I knew that the masons came in regularly every morning at five o'clock to work at the distribution of a prison, destined by Savary for that sex, whose weakness is not incompatible with the strength of mind admired even by the Septembrisers in the humble and affecting courage of a Sombreuil. I knew that in that prison (designated by the hypocritical name of the infirmary,) were deposited the tools of the masons that were at work there; finally, I had ascertained that the keepers were not in the habit of going their rounds about the Donjon during the night, and that the watch-dogs were shut up in that part of the court used for the promenade.

At nine o'clock the turnkey came in as usual, and after a short visit, went about his business. My compassion, which had hitherto been silent for this old guardsman, suggested

to me that my escape might have the effect of throwing him into a hut of the Bicêtre, where he would be left to perish, as a punishment for his negligence.

On the door of the cell, therefore, I wrote a few lines with chalk, exculpating him from all knowledge of my plans, or of having winked at my escape.

All the stones were now displaced, and ranged along the ground, the outside one excepted; a small piece of plaister fell at the foot of the Donjon, close to where the commandant was standing; but he supposed it could only be occasioned by the wind, knowing the strength of the Donjon, and the weakness of its inhabitants, too well to entertain any other idea. . . . As for me, I threw myself upon my knees, and prayed to God for the necessary support, and if my last hour was come, that He would receive me into His mercy, with the martyrs who had pre-

ceded me in the cause of honor. With a conscience less pure than theirs, I had reason for apprehension, but that only served to make my faith the stronger. With my heart calm, I arose, and prepared to launch myself..... even into eternity.

My appearance sufficiently resembled that of a common workman, had it not been for a beard of ten inches long; as I had no means of getting rid of it, and could not burn it without risk, I determined to pull it out by the roots..... The horrible punishments which were formerly inflicted on felons and perjurors bore no comparison to that which I thus voluntarily added to the cruelties that were devised by the creatures of a tyrannical government!!!... It was done..... ..The outside stone was removed.... the rope unrolled, but it was too short, and I lengthened it; I was now suspended, the rope appeared to yield, and the oscillation carried me a good way out, but secured

against all chances, I held fast, and reached the ground safe!

It had just struck four in the morning on the platform of the drawbridge; I dragged myself to the part of the prison I have described, and laid hold of a tray for carrying mortar. If I had gone a few steps farther, I should have found a port-hole window quite open, through which I could have descended into the ditch, and then ascended through a staircase which would have led me out; but as I was then quite ignorant of that part of its topography, I returned to the other end, and sat down at a little gate which separated the two courts: Turk and Rustaut,* two watch-dogs, ran up from the other side. I threw them some provisions through an opening under the gate; they immediately recognized me as the friend, who for the last

* One of these dogs had been the means of baffling an attempt of Count Julins de Polignac to escape from the Temple.

six months, at the hours of promenade, had shared his allowance with them, and being accustomed to the caresses of poor people, they remained perfectly quiet. At last day appeared, and I heard the workmen passing and repassing; I took advantage of the moment, passed through the principal gate without remark, (thanks to my ragged appearance,) and advanced to the gate of the little drawbridge. The turnkey came out—examined me—hesitated. . . . I might have knocked him down, taken the key from him, gone out, and locked it behind me. . . . . he asked me a question, which I answered boldly. . . . and he was just going to turn the key, when some real masons came up, and by their inquisitive looks, sealed the unfortunate issue of my attempt.*

I was immediately dragged to the com-

* The mason to whom this was principally owing, fell ill of vexation. I was told in 1814, that he never would return again to work at the Donjon.

mandant's apartments; he jumped out of bed; heard what they told him, could scarcely believe his eyes; stormed, abused some, and accused others of treachery.... and did me the favor to tell me in vulgar terms, "You did very wrong to miss your aim, for you will not have such another opportunity for a long time." I asked him to give me a glass of brandy, and he made haste to get it me himself.

While they were preparing a place of greater security for me, I was put into the *chesnut stove*; (that is the name given by the unfortunate Mazeres de Latude to the ground floor of the western tower, near the modern passage to the dungeons) I did not remain there more than an hour, an order having come to instal me at the top of the Donjon, under the platform, in the secret cell of the eastern tower.*

* From that moment I passed for dead; the police

Thus vanished the hope which had so long supported me; and into what an abyss was I now fallen! How differently did I now estimate my attempt! .... It is not for the chances of a sudden triumph or catastrophe, that a brave man requires to fortify himself; it is against a situation more cruel than death, against despair. Resignation is then his only remedy; submission to the supreme will his sole resource; a religious education then comes in aid of reason to throw off the influence of character, and to humble him, if not entirely, at least in a great degree. Since Providence has been pleased to work a double miracle in my favour, I have often thought of the wretchedness of mind, which at Saint Helena must have worn out the life of that Bonaparte, all whose actions had in view only the object of the moment, whose maxim was

spread the report of it generally, and my poor children, who were then very young, put on mourning for me.

possess for ever, whose contempt of life never went so far as to teach him how to die.... Pride was strong enough in him to stifle conscience. But may God forgive him who dying, humbled, and deprived of the embraces of his son, dropped a tear to nature and appeared to forget his frail grandeur! Why had he not lived as a simple Christian soldier? If he had, the world would have been innocent of his crimes....

What blindness was it for me to think it possible to escape! did I not know of what consequence it was to the police to retake me? that its powers were exercised over nearly the whole of the continent of Europe? that its influence extinguished everywhere the feelings of compassion? But the excessive cruelty with which I was treated; the dishonourable light in which they had endeavoured to place the noblest action of my life; the certainty of a lingering death; the triumph of crime; and the loss of all that was dear to

me in this world, had altogether thrown my mind into a state of delirium.

A violent attack of gaol fever shortly after deprived me of the consolation of strengthening myself against my own reflections. Dr: R * * * , inspector of the health of the state prisoners, was called in, or rather he came of his own will, according to custom, since M. Savary had invested him with an inspection more essential to the obligations, and interests of a minister of the police. I now recollect nothing but the attentions of Dr. R * * *; I willingly forget the circumstances which accompanied them, and the servile disposition which so often procured him nicknames; his dependant situation is an excuse for many things . . . . Besides, is it not fair to suppose that his zeal for the state prisoners was at least as great as that which he felt for his master? That reflection prevents me from expressing several others.

There was one thing, however, which I could

never find myself generous enough to bear with any patience, and that was the sight of Lerouge, who was the occasion of the catastrophe of the 7th of February 1811, and who was again made my keeper. In the class to which this man belonged, audacity is generally mixed up with a certain degree of fear and effrontery. The impunity of crime has not in them risen to that air of confidence which in more elevated rank, was to be seen upon the countenances of some wretches, who had become enriched by the spoil of nations. Lerouge again affected the best intentions, endeavoured to make his ferocity forgotten by little assiduities, &c. &c.

Observing, however, that his efforts were ineffectual in removing the horror with which he inspired me, he changed his conduct, and became impudent and negligent to such a degree, as to leave in my sight, and under my respiration, what the most robust animals revolt at! . . . . I endeavoured to impress my mind

with the calm and fortitude which religion procures to such a degree of misfortune; I combated my natural impetuosity, my daily disgusts. The most determined silence preserved me from any momentary difficulties. But whatever is effort in character only lasts for a time, longer or shorter according to circumstances. One day, a state of inanition made me count the hours; my exhaustion kept me laying on a damp bed; I felt the most devouring hunger; the distribution of the day's allowance had been made at seven o'clock in the morning to every one but me; it was past eleven, and Lerouge had not yet come; at last the sound of his footstep revived me, and I was anticipating a delicious repast on a loaf of a pound and a half! "I will wait till I am alone, ... I will show no impatience, or eagerness of brutal appetite" .... On his entrance, he threw the loaf at me, swearing ... The lightning is not quicker than the fury which

transported me : I saw nothing .... I knew not what I did .... He was stretched at my feet, with the blood running down his face: I had struck him with a piece of firewood. .... His cries disarmed me, and brought others to his assistance; they threatened to put me in irons. I reproached the commandant for the outrages to which his unheard-of severity had provoked me; I called for death, and invoked the minister, by one decided blow to crown my wishes.... and his own.

Cruel that he was! for four years he refused me the consolation of embracing my children! I knew not if they were even in existence. But what humanity could I expect of him, who attached the fatal lantern to the breast of the duke d'Enghien? For four years I was placed between the combats of paternal tenderness and infamy. " If you wish to see your family," said Dr. R*** to me, " tell us who is the correspondent of

the British government; he will not be molested; on the contrary, the minister will be the means of putting money into his pocket."

Since my attempt to escape, I had no shoes, but sandals made out of an old hat, and wore no linen. . . . I was offered some belonging to the prison, marked with the imperial eagle. . . . . and was looked upon as very obstinate, because I preferred my own rags. But if there was no inconvenience in allowing me imperial shirts, what was there in allowing me to wear my own?

The minister of general police, who made no scruple of appropriating to himself 223,000 francs* which belonged to me, was not likely to blush at speculating on the misery of the prisoners. It need not surprise us therefore, that he deprived them of a half, and in some cases of two-thirds, of the allow-

* I ascertained afterwards that he had paid 30,000 francs in order to get hold of the balance of 223,000 francs, as will be seen in a subsequent page.

ance that was made them by the famous decree, for the installation of the state prisons.

By the terms of the same decree, two counsellors of state, nominated by the emperor, were every year to make a visitation of all the prisons, in order to hear the complaints and demands of the prisoners. These gentlemen went in grand costume, in the manner most analogous to the views of their master. The commandant, after communicating to them the notes of the minister, told them the story that suited him best, of the individual and his offence, true or false; he generally terminated by pointing out the interest which the government had that such and such a one should be forgotten, or such another mentioned. Having thus given them their cue, they were introduced, preceded by a turnkey, acting on this occasion as crier of the court.

It came to my turn; one of these gentle-

men, surprised at my silence, made the crier, repeat the pompous announcement, "Messieurs, the Counsellors of State, sent by his imperial and royal Majesty, &c. &c." Still receiving no answer from me, he asked the commandant if I spoke French. Not exactly seeing the drift of his reverence's question, the commandant replied in the affirmative, in terms which I should blush to repeat here. "You may judge, gentlemen," said I to them, "by this specimen of politeness, of the nature of the complaints I have to make; these, however, are not the only ones, and you probably do not come here to receive any other. My demands would be, 1. the retractation of the report which deceived Europe respecting the affair of Valençay; 2. if I am not among men who have thrown off all feeling of natural affection, the permission to see my children; 3. the restoration of the effects of which I was robbed by the police, or their

legal confiscation."—"Have you prepared a petition?" asked one of the commissioners. "I have no materials for writing one."—"The gentleman is *au secret*," observed the commandant, in a confidential tone.—"Oh," replied I, "there is no secret for these gentlemen."—They went out, and a minute afterwards a sheet of paper was brought me, in which I drew an emphatic eulogium of a government which had shewn itself superior to all others, by its justice and good faith.

This sheet had the same fate with so many others. Six months afterwards, the answer of Bonaparte was communicated to me: *maintained, without any alteration.*

It may be imagined that the counsellors of state, who had been appointed by Bonaparte to this commission, were not particularly flattered by it. The only pleasure attached to their functions, was that of travelling about

in the different provinces of France, and even in Italy and Holland; but everywhere they met with unhappy prisoners, irritated by the violence of a plundering and cruel government.* What answer could they give to the being rendered venerable by long sufferings, when he explained the honorable motives which actuated him, and the persecutions which he endured? What reply could they make to the soldier, who was detained a prisoner of state, in contempt of a solemn capitulation, and in violation of the law of nations? What could they say to him who, by an act of revolting iniquity, was dishonored, because he demanded a trial, in which the judge would have been convicted, as the only one guilty, and the only one who ought to have been condemned? What

* From an account which I have seen, the number of prisoners of state in the conquered countries amounted to 4,000, of whom about a fourth part was of the higher classes.

could they say, in short, to that crowd of prisoners, whose treatment was such as to make them every day wish for a definitive death, to put an end to a state of existence, a thousand times more horrible than that of a galley slave. The latter, at least, has not to suffer the deprivation of air; he is not prevented from receiving marks of compassion, charitable offices, or the consolations of his children; he has the earnings of his manual labour, or of his mental resources; his property is not taken from him, nor do the magistrates make a traffic of it; they have only applied the punishment inflicted by the laws.

It is a pleasure to me to pay here a public tribute to the humanity of the Count Corvetto, at that time one of the visiting commissioners; he complained that my cell was damp and ill-sheltered. But the I * *s, the L * * * s, and many others, had no eyes but to see if the imperial bars were suffici-

ently thick, and if the wickets had bolts enough. These excessive precautions to smother the cry of innocence were suggested to them by their blind devotion to the government. Those gentlemen never imagined that the truth would one day be proclaimed from the house-tops, and in the high-places; they knew not that there is no crime so secret, the course of which time will not discover. But the counsellors of state on extraordinary service had neither leisure nor inclination to study the letter of the Scriptures; the most perfect faith will not, in this world, obtain salaries, equipages, titles, or the gratifications of self-love and ambition.

In spite, however, of the cruel penetration of our gaolers, the political victims, whom the Donjon then contained, found means to establish continued communications with each other, and to make an exchange of hopes and consolations. I was

now to become acquainted with men, whose virtues rendered them superior to adversity; Spaniards, faithful to their God and their king; and whose example fortified my mind against the horrors of my fate.

Immediately under my cell were General Blake, Lieutenant-General Saez, and Marshal des-camps Lardizabal; on my right, in the western tower, the Marquis de la Rocca, a general officer, and his servant Perigo; in the northern tower, Lieutenant General Don Carlos O'Donnel, brother of Count D'Abisbal; and between us was the modern Gonzalvo, Palafox, the valiant defender of Sarragossa.

Why had they affected to collect, in the same tomb, the heroes whose patriotic feelings had long united them when at the head of the Spanish armies? Reader, you shall hear. In the southern tower was planted, on two crutches, one of those mischievous beings who made a trade of treachery

and perjury; practised in the art of laying snares for confiding loyalty, they borrowed the language of humanity, for the purpose of delivering it to the executioner: the neighbour, in short, whom they had given us, was an emissary of the police, *a mouton.** The hope of discovering the correspondent of the Spanish princes, and of making a rich booty, had led the minister to employ this expedient, quite worthy of so noble an object.

I have mentioned, that from time to time, I was led out for an hour to walk upon the upper platform of the Donjon. Whilst I there breathed at my ease a fresh and clear air, my keeper, whose orders, I had imagined, were not to quit me, withdrew, on pretence of going and letting out the other prisoners, but in fact to examine my cell. Without thinking at all about his absence, I went

* *Mouton*, a person suborned to try and discover the secrets of a prisoner, and tell them again.

close to the grating, and endeavoured to distinguish through the bars, the features of my companions in misfortune. Their curiosity was not less with regard to me, but being more prudent, and better informed of the snares which were laid for them, they were very circumspect, even with me. The Marquis de la Rocca was the first to venture on making a sign; I answered by pointing with my hand in the direction of the Peninsula, and indicating the wish to write. The same evening, Perigo, his valet, availing himself of the moment when the keeper was drinking in his master's room, contrived very adroitly to slip a small quantity of writing materials through the bars, and to tell me, in a whisper, that he would return next day for a note.

In this manner began my acquaintance with these gentlemen. General Don Carlos O'Donnel very soon became the bearer of his own notes for me, in broad day-light, by

fastening them to the end of a little stick, and pushing it through the bars, at the moment he came upon the platform to take the air. One morning the governor of the fortress * happening to look out of the window, perceived the exchange of our notes, and lost not a moment in sending to apprise the commandant of the Donjon of the circumstance. "What a trade to take up, for a soldier who has lost a leg on the field of battle!" was the remark on this conduct which my companion in misfortune wrote to me.

The *mouton*, placed in such a way as to observe the slightest mark of our correspondence, affected to see nothing; his feeble air touched me with compassion: his melancholy and discouragement were such as really to do away every idea of their

* General Daumenil, the same who in 1815 still commanded there in the name of Bonaparte, against the king of France.

being only feigned. He replied to the signs which I made to him, by holding out the tops of his crutches. Notwithstanding, every time that there was a slight noise outside, and on the gallery beneath our bars, he ran to his window as quickly as the most nimble person could have done. In a situation like ours, every thing that surprises creates a sort of anxiety closely bordering on suspicion.

While I was taking the air upon the platform, I was still more astonished at seeing him open his door, come forward freely on the threshold, and endeavour, by mute signs, to explain to me that his sickly state was the cause of the commandant's indulging him in that extraordinary way. Perceiving my doubts as to the truth of this, and the reserve which immediately resulted from them, he took this method of re-assuring me. He wrote with chalk in large characters, upon the shelf of a wardrobe,

his name, his country, the cause of his imprisonment, his hopes of being liberated, his intention of going to England, his connections with different statesmen, the regard which the queen of Sicily had for him, his wish to become acquainted with, and to be of service to me, either by sharing his purse with me, undertaking my commissions, or finally putting me in communication with the distinguished prisoners who were our neighbours, and getting me a sight of the journals..... All this was communicated to me, by short sentences at a time, in the course of eight days. Prudence restraining me from mentioning to the Spanish generals the applications of this prisoner to me, I thanked him in the best way I could. He thought it necessary to expedite the business, and vanquish my scruples by furnishing me with materials for writing; he was, besides, well aware that there is a favourable moment for seduction,

which must not be allowed to escape. This *Devil on two Sticks* found the use of his legs to come close to my bars, and hand me a note most ably conceived, and written with the hand of a master. In that he requested a speedy answer, as he was certain of getting liberated immediately; and he ended by recommending the greatest caution to me, for fear of a surprise at the moment of our exchanging notes.

The very same day I received a visit from Dr. R * * * and the commandant. Their apparent confidence increased my security. They affected to have seen the Spanish prisoners one after the other, and to forget the *mouton* altogether. How weak was it for me to suspect a man so generous and feeling, and whose loyalty sprung from such religious and moral principles! What! because I had been the puppet of the police on one occasion, was I to doubt the probity and zeal of an unfortunate man, or suspect him of the most

horrible treachery! . . . . I had no longer any doubts. I was certain. My misery could not possibly be greater; I had gone through all its different stages. . . but in listening to nothing but the desire of satisfying myself, should I not perhaps put in jeopardy the lives and fortunes of several persons connected with the British government?. . . The prisoner may be in error as to his destination. . . . . My mind is made up; I will neither compromise my friends nor him: I will write a father's farewell to my children, but not say a word about pecuniary concerns; I will only bequeath them my sword and my example. Finally, I will give the prisoner the letter open, taking care to inform him that my reserve is dictated solely by the fear of accidents. I will not even say a word of my acquaintance with the Spanish generals, but leave it to the prisoner to introduce me to them.

Such were my reflections. I would have

sacrificed myself sooner than wound the feelings of this prisoner, and was about to infringe my own reserves with regard to him, when general O'Donnel wrote to me, to be on my guard against a *Devil on two sticks*, who spoke eleven languages, and wrote in them with facility. For several months he had been proposing extravagant plans, or at least such as were not at all adapted for these gentlemen; they had now ascertained beyond a doubt, that this tempter had frequent interviews with the higher intelligences, and that he had obtained of them more extensive powers; finally, that I should take care to avoid the snare, and that when the hopes of Pluto were dissipated, we should be rid of this dæmon of inferior order! The warning could not have come more apropos; a note from the tempter, in which ill humour was even perceivable through the mildness of the expressions, enabled me to compare the style. My indignation may be easily

conceived, on recognizing that neither the hand writing nor the orthography were the same as those of the first notes! I had neglected to destroy them, and I now sent them back to him with a prohibition against writing me any more. The wretch however continued to inhabit the same place, the period of his return to the infernal regions not being yet come; but his door was shut again, and the apparitions entirely ceased.* The miscarriage of this attempt covered the principal agents of the minister with ridicule, and made them give up all hopes of succeeding. The victims of perfidy breathed more freely, and futurity became their last torment.

* In 1817, during my residence at Madrid, I learned that this same *mouton* was confined there in the king's prison, having been recognized and signalized to the Spanish police by some of the persons whom he had not been able to succeed in compromising. The day of justice arrives sooner or later!

CHAPTER XIV.

Departure from Vincennes.

I KNEW nothing of the events of the war, or of the successes and disasters of the army which Bonaparte had dragged into the north. My companions could account much better than I could for the extraordinary bustle and disorder in the interior of the fortress. That bulwark of political murders had become that of the materiél of the artillery, the arsenal of Paris, the workshop for the armies, the rendezvous for the levies, the field for inspections. Every day, battalions and squadrons were traversing the forest, and making its echos ring with the cries, which were the forerunners of battles and death. These signs revealed to the country an approaching calamity, a dreadful vengeance from Heaven.

But by an incredible concurrence of circumstances, the triumph of crime had already lasted more than twenty-five years, and that impunity might yet be prolonged beyond the days which are numbered to us. A reflection like this, which was very excusable in men groaning under the weight of tyranny, served to complete my despondency. My health was gradually weakening by a catarrhal affection of the lungs. My intellect, which had till then been very slightly affected, underwent a change which was the more serious, as the means of physical support wanted action and strength. I felt but little desire either to see or hear anything, or for any conversation, or even to prolong my life; every species of mental fatigue was disagreeable to me, and I could not help thinking with disgust of the activity which had led me to overturn walls. The desire of complete repose was the only one which I felt.

The age which I had reached was that of

maturity, but I arrived at that period of life in the midst of bodily suffering and mental discouragement. Supposing that my mind could resist a lengthened confinement, and that the vital feeling lost none of its strength, I think that the deprivation of all society might be compensated by assiduous meditation and instructive reading. But I was compelled to renounce this last resource of a mind, too active to find sufficient exercise in the circumstances that surrounded it. My keeper had received orders to examine carefully the pages of the books which he brought me, and ascertain if there was any writing, or marked passage, which could serve as a means of communication with another prisoner to whom they were sent. I preferred giving up reading altogether, and trusting entirely to my memory. By degrees that method became more easy to me; I triumphed over an untoward disposition, and acquired a proof of that power of the understanding

of which Socrates furnished so sublime an example.

If any one had seen me parading three or four hours in succession round my cage, like the animals which state-luxury keeps for show in the public menageries, he would have said that age and misfortune had deprived me of my reason; the disorder of my hair, the length of my beard, and my excessive thinness, were so many striking proofs of the ferocity of my enemies, whom so much misery was unable to soften. Three months had past since my belly and stomach were inflamed without the least action; I could digest nothing but bread and water. The other food which was brought me was taken away every day untouched. I never uttered a syllable, and looked on myself as entirely lost, a first symptom of weakened mind closely allied to derangement; it was that which made it be reported that I had gone mad. General O'Donnell supported me in the best

manner he could by his advice, and friendly consolations . . . I concealed from his knowledge a great deal of what I suffered, and the dreadful nights I passed. He also was a father . . . his children were also under the brutal *surveillance* of the ministerial police, at a lyceum, where they were destined to serve as victims to the glory and triumph of the oppressor of their country, and the murderer of their father. . . That brave general threatened to throw me his own food, if I continued to resist his friendly intreaties. He wrote to me: "On the field of battle we are killed; but *here* we struggle not to die. We are very near the epoch of the restoration, Kolli; put no faith in the salvoes of artillery, and illuminations which dazzle weak minds; the illusion will soon be dissipated by the truth, and we shall be liberated." His anticipations of the future were those of a religious man, and a man of sense.

On the 7th of February 1814, at eight

o'clock in the evening, some one entered suddenly into my dungeon to desire me to get ready for my departure. "I am ready to die," I told him. Immediately after, I was hurried down the long staircase of the formidable Donjon. The commandant delivered me to an officer of the *gendarmerie d'élite;* before putting me into the carriage, this officer desired to talk with me for a minute in one of the poultry cages, supporting the iron railing which had been put up in front of the drawbridge, ever since my attempt to escape. There he gave me the following order to read: "The commandant of the Donjon at Vincennes will deliver up to Sieur Rouget, officer of gendarmes, the person named Kolli. As he is one of the most dangerous of the state prisoners, I should be better pleased to hear of his death, than his escape.

(Signed) "THE DUKE OF ROVIGO,
Minister of general police."

"You see," said Rouget to me, "the *carte blanche* which his excellency gives me. However, I know that I have to do with a man of honor; give me your word that you have about you neither knife, scissars, razor, or any other weapon, and I will treat you well." "If I had any weapons," I replied, "I should have made use of them at a proper time; I have none."—"In that case, I am satisfied."

Reader, do you fancy he spoke truth? No: he immediately put a strong iron chain round my body. The reader is already sufficiently acquainted with the desperadoes to whom the minister of nocturnal executions committed his confidential missions! . . I was immediately attached to two other celebrated victims, one of whom came from the Bicêtre*,

* M. Desol de Grisolees, an old general, commanding a division of the army of George Cadoudal. He passed seven years in a dungeon of the Bicêtre, where he suffered every species of barbarity; being gifted with a charac-

and put along with them into an immense diligence drawn by four horses, and filled with as many gendarmes, which took the road of the plain of Grenelle. In passing by the *Barriere du Trone,* I bent forward to look at the enormous palisades which covered it, which one of the gendarmes observing, tried to prevent me from gratifying my curiosity. This made me fancy that there was an insurrection in the provinces; I supposed that the government *sans reproches* began at last to dread the resentment of families in mourning, or had to defend itself against an enterprise like that of Mallet. . . . In that case its policy dictated the necessity of getting rid of us, and no doubt we were going to finish our days at

ter of great firmness and resolution, they made no impression upon him, notwithstanding his health was severely affected. This general, in 1814, denounced to the chamber of deputies the arbitrary and cruel acts which he suffered under the ministry of the Duke of Rovigo.

Grenelle, or at Oleron, or in the Isle de Rhé.

However our direction by Versailles, and the *rencontre* of a second diligence, filled with prisoners like ourselevs, made us fancy that we were conveying to Saumur; we had shortly after the certainty of it from the mouth of Rouget himself, under whose guidance the two carriages travelled together. At the moment Bonaparte's government stood in most urgent want of all its resources, of horses, as well as money, we were made to travel post under a good escort; for the minister would have preferred his master losing 10,000 men in an engagement, to learning the escape of some prisoners of state, towards whom his administration and his excellency himself had become compromised debtors.

Wherever we passed, although the public mind had been prepared by *good* prefects to show as little compassion as possible,

the crowd resisted the pressure of the sabres of the gendarmes, and testified by unequivocal signs, the feelings which the sight of suffering and chains, the contrast between chariots drawn at great expence, and the most appalling wretchedness, will ever inspire in the generous hearts of Frenchmen.

CHAPTER XV.

The prisoners at Saumur. End of my first captivity.

THE Sieur Pidou, commandant of the chateau of Saumur, being apprized by the minister, by doctor R * * *, and by Rouget, of the particular character of each prisoner, with the degree of severity with which each was to be treated, associated with me three victims, devoted, like myself, to a tragical end, and put us *au secret*, assuring us at the same time, that he would pay us all the attention we deserved.

After passing fifty months in the most complete solitude, the company of three persons seemed as if it would be a conso-

lation, but I was not long in discovering that necessity destroys the charm of expansions of the heart; that the infirmities of body and mind alter the gifts of nature or the qualities of education; that in the horror of a dungeon, the best natural character, the noblest heart, lose a portion of their qualities,—are frequently irritated by a slight noise,—misinterpret a kind attention, or an expression in the smallest degree equivocal. The longer misfortune dwells upon the past, the more disagreeable does the *present* become.

The baron de Schteinfeld, one of my companions, was fully capable by his wit, his information, his masculine energy, and by his continued attentions, of making me bear the ennui of our dungeon; and yet I will frankly confess, I soon sighed for the repose and solitude of the four first years of my captivity, and asked to be put into a separate cell. But the crowd of prisoners

that were sent from other parts of France, was soon so great, that the commandant, not knowing where to place them, even relaxed from the first precautions prescribed to him by the minister; we were then informed pretty accurately of the events of the campaign in the environs of Paris. The wounded of the army descended the Loire as far as Saumur. So considerable a crowd exasperated them very much against us; the rumours were every day more alarming, and we were informed of the danger we ran of being massacred by the soldiery, perhaps excited to it by some agents of the minister most interested in the catastrophe. The post which the national guards supplied to the chateau was reinforced, and their arms were kept loaded, as much for our safety, as to prevent any attempts we might make to escape.

That part of France unfortunately still held out for Bonaparte; influenced by the

local authorities, the people gave implicit credit to the proclamations of Maria Louisa, those incendiary productions, of which Savary was the author, and which his agents distributed with profusion.

On the morning of the 31st of March, the allied sovereigns marched into Paris, and proclaimed Louis XVIII. king of France and Navarre. As soon as this news was confirmed to us, every one became impatient for the arrival of the long-looked-for day of deliverance, and interested his friends in his favor. I sent to mine a list of the prisoners at Saumur.

But before we saw the chains of tyranny fall at our feet, we had to witness another instance of its ferocity, even when exhaling its last breath. An order addressed to the prefect of the department, directed him to send instantly, by the post, and under proper escort, to Fontainbleau, the following seven state prisoners :

Lieut. Colonel Mina, * nephew of the general of that name.

Colonel the Baron de Kolli, author of these memoirs.

Baron A. de Schteinfeld, a subject of the Grand Duke of Baden.

Baron de Mézières, a confidential agent of Louis XVIII. on many occasions.

Baron de la Sala, arrested subsequently to an attempt on Bonaparte's life.

General Daniau-Duperat, a Vendean general, equally distinguished for his zeal, constancy, and sufferings, as by his military services.

General Désol de Grisolles, whom I have already mentioned, as major general of the army of George Cadoudal.

Fortunately for us the roads to Chartres and Orleans were completely intercepted by numerous detachments of the allied troops.

The prefect took credit to himself for refusing to obey this order: it is *possible* that he did so, but it is also *certain* that that

* He lost his life in South America fighting for the insurgents.

magistrate wrote to the sub-prefect not to allow the prisoners the provisional liberty which they claimed, but to wait for legal orders.

At last on the 16th of April, at noon, the doors of the prison were opened, the clanking of chains ceased to be heard, and the cry of "Long live the Bourbons" was the only one that rung through the sepulchral vaults. It would be vain for me to attempt a description of this scene, which will never be banished from my memory. In the intoxication and tears of joy, every one threw himself into the arms of his neighbour, and pressed him to his heart; forty individuals, hitherto strangers to each other, were in one moment bound to each other by the ties of the most tender friendship.

At the moment of our release, the inhabitants of the town, Frenchmen, liberated from the tyranny which had hitherto repressed their feelings, eagerly surrounded

us, and without the least regard to our wretched appearance, dragged us into the bosom of their families, and in one day made us experience the transition from an excess of misery to affluence and plenty. Time will never diminish the gratitude I feel towards the persons who took charge of me, and I only regret that I am not allowed to name them here.

List of the State Prisoners set at liberty, by order of His Royal Highness, MONSIEUR, *Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom.*

The Spanish general Blake. On the 9th of January, 1812, he was obliged to capitulate at Valencia, where he had given extraordinary proofs of valour and ability; shut up as a state prisoner in the Donjon of Vincennes, and at Saumur, in contempt of the capitulation.

Lieut. general Don Carlos O'Donnell, included in a capitulation, and treated with equal severity.

Lieut. general Count José de Miranda, commanding under general Blake.

The *Maréchal-des-camps* Don José Lardizabal, who distinguished himself at the battle of Saguntum, and under the walls of Valencia, in October 1811.

The marquis de la Rocca, a general officer of the king's household.

The count de Romray, a general officer.

The *Maréchal-des-camps* Marco del Ponte.

Abad, captain of hussars.

Camino, captain of a vessel.

Baron de Vargas, ambassador of Spain to the court of Rome, and all the persons attached to his legation.

The Spanish grandees, the marquis of Santa Cruz, and the count de Trastamara, declared enemies of the state, and condemned to death, by the same decree of the 12th November, 1808, quoted in the first chapter.

Baron Smith de Rembeck, secretary of legation of an English envoy, (Sir George Rumbold) whose widow traversed every part of Europe in search of the remains of her husband, who had been assassinated and cut in pieces, with circumstances of extraordinary barbarity.

The count de Hammerstein, a Westphalian general.

Baron de Boissier, colonel in the Russian service; of a distinguished Genevese family.

Baron de Bringhen, captain of the hussars of the guard of the emperor Alexander.

Armand Gaillard, tried and condemned to death, along with George Cadoudal; his sentence was commuted for perpetual imprisonment.

Baron de Behr de Negendank, made a prisoner of war in Prussia; his liberation had been urgently pressed by several German princes, whose confidence for that reason he was supposed to possess.

A Prussian, whose name I have forgotten.

Messieurs Julien, Lébis, Limouzain, and Comette, implicated in the affair of Mallet.

The Chevalier Adrien de Barreau, and Messrs. de St. Martin, and de Boin, all three of Bayonne; and Messrs. Dubrignon, and Lazare, of Pau, guards of honor, more particularly attached to their legitimate sovereign.

M. Müller d'Avrangues of Berne, for some cause that I am ignorant of.

Mr. Fitzmess, a Spanish gentleman, along with his wife; and finally, the seven persons mentioned in the body of this chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

Elucidation of the intrigues connected with the affair of Valençay.

AN accurate knowledge of the affair of Valençay presented such interest to the courts of London and Madrid, and so much concerned my own honor, that I determined to strain every nerve to unveil even the most trifling circumstances connected with it. But in order to penetrate its mystery to the bottom, and to get hold of the tangible proofs of crime, it was necessary to use the greatest prudence and caution in my researches. The contrivers of the treacherous plans, which I wished to hold up to the indignation of nations and kings, were still in possession of the avenues through which I must of necessity pass. To have recourse to the tribunals, at a moment

of trouble, uncertainty, and confusion, would have been irretrievably losing one's self; to call for the interference of foreign powers, was to expose myself to the destruction of the visible proofs; and to apply to the guilty parties themselves, did not at all suit my disposition. The only method I could put in action, was to have recourse to the influence, then so powerful, of the British cabinet. On the 27th of April, I wrote to lord Castlereagh, who was then at Paris. His lordship sent me an answer, "That as he was not a member of the government at the period of my mission, I had better address a memorial on the subject to the British government."

Without losing any time, and before the ministerial police had time to recover itself from the panic into which the entrance of the allies had thrown it*, I repaired to its

* A few days after, orders were given to prevent the state prisoners from having access to the bureaux, and even to use force against their researches. Fortunately I had been beforehand.

bureaux, and brought away in my portfolio, all the papers I could find relative to the affair—namely, the proofs of my mission, my credential, the letters of George III. to the king of Spain, and a bundle of papers of every description, which I thought might lead to more important discoveries. The only papers I could not find, and which were certainly of the greatest consequence to me, were those which would prove the mission of the wretch whom the police had sent to represent me at Valençay.

In vain did I appeal to the persons whose situation made them acquainted with the secrets of the imperial government; in vain did I use the influence of some others. Disappointed in my expectations, I was impatiently turning over the bundle of papers, when the fragment of a sheet, which had probably been intended to be entirely destroyed, fell on the ground. I picked it up, and read these words, written in a hand with

which I was not acquainted. "Under pretence of making turnery work, he int....." What can this mean? Richard was an extremely skilful turner... could it be he?... I started up in a moment, provided myself with a pair of pistols, and ran to the police to get better information. Affecting an air of great indifference, I put some questions to one of the clerks, who appeared to me anxious to secure friends under the new order of things. He hesitated: that was enough for me; I immediately drove to the place where I was told I should find Richard. I knocked at his door, which he himself opened; he started back with astonishment and terror, and cried out, "Is it indeed you? they told me you was dead." His paleness and confusion strengthened my suspicions. However, I restrained the anger which was likely to get the better of me; I knew the effect which the allurement of gain produces on ungenerous souls, and was quite aware

of the advantage of calmness and moderation. I therefore addressed him nearly as follows: "You will no doubt find it an easy matter to exculpate yourself from the charge made against you, of having yielded to the threats of the police. Violence allows of no alternative, and honor itself dispenses with resisting it when it menaces. Every thing is now pardoned, except intentions; I come here to give you the opportunity of vindicating yours, of exculpating yourself in the eyes of France, and of again meriting the confidence of a king whom I revere, and whom you were not able to serve effectually, because you were seduced against him..... The ambassadors of the allied powers are making inquiries, the result of which may be fatal to you, if you refuse to accompany me to their excellencies, and make the fullest declarations in their presence."

Confused and disordered, he listened to me without appearing to understand me....

"But how do you know...?" said he to me, "I know," added I, "that the restoration has disclosed every thing, and that there is only one thing for you to do, and that is, to follow me." I dragged him along with me to the hotel of the Chevalier Pizarro*, who was then at Paris, to whom I had the honor of being introduced by the marquis de la Rocca, my companion in misfortune in the Donjon, and at Saumur. At first I made Richard wait in the anti-chamber, while I went to apprize the minister. When the culprit was introduced, his excellency's severe look, and the meaning which Richard attached to his expressions, immediately determined him to enter into a full detail of the turpitudes of the police; the means that it used to detach him from me some time previous to my arrest, and to compel him to betray me; the attempts to ascertain the object of my mission, and his own igno-

* Since prime minister to his catholic majesty.

rance of it; after my arrest, the violence exercised upon him to make him go to Valençay; the order given him under the supposititious name of Albert de St. B * * *, (so often mentioned) by means of which he represented my person, and which order he refused to restore on his return from Valençay, (pretending that he had burnt it) but had for security, concealed it in a wall in the forest of Saint-Germain, and preserved as a protection against the treachery in the ministry; which order emanated from, and was signed by the duke of Otranto; finally his communications with the governor of Valençay, the seeming participation of one of the king's ushers, and the failure of the attempt, for which, he, Richard, had received a gratification of 12,000 francs, with the injunction of living at a distance from Paris some months only.

His excellency frowned very deeply several times during the progress of these horrible

confessions. Before he would engage to interfere in any way, he insisted on Richard putting the duke of Otranto's order into my hands, in order that it might be laid before him. Richard agreed to intrust me with it, at the same time expressing his fears that the duke would make him suffer for it.

As the result of allowing him time to reflect might be most prejudicial to my interest, I availed myself of the feelings of compunction which his excellency had excited in the bosom of this wretch; I not only got possession of the order from him, but prevailed upon him to make a declaration before a competent authority, before the influence of the destituted persons, or their riches, or the alarm they already inspired to the authority in question, were too sensibly felt.

Furnished with all the documents which will be found in the following chapter, I reclaimed administratively of count Beugnot, then director of the general police, the un-

conditional restitution of 208,000 francs in diamonds, 15,000 francs in notes of the Bank of France, my carriage, horse, sword of honor, and other articles that had been taken from me, and which the duke of Rovigo had turned into money, without my authority, and paid into the chest of the general police. The result of this application was the following decision:

"ROYAL ORDONNANCE.

"Having heard the report upon the claim made by the Sieur de Kolli, who was intrusted with a mission of the British government to his catholic majesty, during his majesty's captivity at Valençay, for the restitution of a sum of 200,000 francs in diamonds on paper, 15,000 francs in bank notes, a cabriolet, a horse, a gold and silver mounted sabre,* and various other objects.

* This sabre of honor was that which Tippoo-Saib had in his hand when he was killed. The duke of Rovigo ought to return it to me, or pay me the value of it, if he

"Having heard the considerations in support of this claim, the king decides that the sum of 15,000 francs, and the moveables, and other effects belonging to the Chevalier de Kolli, shall be restored to him, and that the diamonds seized at Paris, are, and remain confiscated, as having been given to the Sieur de Kolli by a government then at war with France.

(Signed) "Louis.*"

I refrain from inserting here the argumentative and eloquent *requète* of M. de Montplanqua in my behalf, and confine myself to remarking that I was not heard in opposition, *(contradictoirement)* the legal effect of which involves the nullity of that and all similar decisions. I must also add that count Beugnot having originally admitted

respects the royal pleasure, of which I have no doubt. The duke is however still my debtor.

* There are strong reasons for believing that this ordonnance was not countersigned.

the justice of my claim, proposed, that as I should have to wait sometime for the king's decision, to pay me a sum of 3,000 francs. This bait, which was artfully covered by expressions of warm interest, did not at all allure me. I answered politely, "That whatever might be my wants on coming out of a dungeon, it could not be long before I should recover the whole of my property!"

But neither the justice of my cause, nor the eloquence of my advocate, could triumph over ministerial influence*.

* In January 1817, the author received a letter from the count Decazes, then minister of police, in answer to his renewed applications for the restoration of his property, informing him that "his majesty, persisting in his ordonnance of the 30th of June, 1814, has decided, and decides, that the diamonds, which you had placed in deposit at Paris, are and remain confiscated."

In 1821, the Baron sent a copy of the manuscript of this work to the French ministry, with a letter expressive of the pain he felt at being obliged to introduce into it a part that must be so disagreeable to its feelings. The

I shall however never be persuaded, notwithstanding the *ordonnance* which has been extorted from the king of France, that that august monarch would ever have sanctioned the spoliation of my property in favor of the administration, in whose hands it remains, because that property was given me by a government then at war with Bonaparte, if he had been made properly acquainted with the whole circumstances of my case.

prince de Montmorency Laval, by order of the duke de Richelieu, sent him a complimentary letter, in which the only notice taken of his pecuniary demands is thus expressed: "I am authorized by the duke to tell you, that count Augustus de Talleyrand, French minister in Switzerland, is instructed to reply satisfactorily to everything connected with your different applications to the ministry."

In 1823 he applied once more to the new ministry; his manuscript was then returned to him, and he determined to publish it.

CHAPTER XVII.

Report of the author to the British government, and documents illustrative of it.

"To the Marquis Wellesley.

"*Paris, June 25th,* 1816.

"My Lord,

"My captivity is at an end. I have now no other anxiety than to make your lordship fully acquainted with the political iniquity which added to its horrors.

"The six documents accompanying this are original and authentic copies of declarations, made before the competent authority, stamped and legalized at Paris at my requisition.

"I request you will have the goodness, my lord, to submit them to the British government, and to his royal highness the prince regent, for the purpose of being authorized to

repair to Madrid, in order to present to the king of Spain the letters addressed to him by his faithful ally, king George III.

"My own researches have been the means of recovering those valuable letters, of which Bonaparte's ministry attempted to make an improper use. As the fraud committed on me gave me a more indisputable right to the return of the diamonds of which that ministry had robbed me, I flattered myself with recovering them almost entirely. The king of France, however has just decided, that "*because these diamonds were given me by a government then at war with France, I cannot recover them.*" But his most Christian majesty knew not that they were my private property.

"I have the honor to be,

"With the greatest respect, &c.

"KOLLI."

Copies of the declarations made on the 5th of May 1814, before M. Comminges, commissary of police of the second mayoralty, and second arrondissement, Rue d'Argenteuil No. 48, at Paris, and deposited at the prefecture of police, on the requisition of the Baron de Kolli.

No. 1.*

"Mary Anne Courtois residing at Paris, Rue Saint-Fiacre No. 4, declares that on the 17th of March 1810, she let her country-house situated in the park of Vincennes, Rue de la Pisotte, No. 9, to the Baron de Kolli, who inhabited it constantly until the 24th of the same month, and same year, on which day at nine o'clock in the morning he was there made a prisoner of state.

(Signed) "MARY ANNE COURTOIS."

No. 2.†

"Thomas Guigny, inhabitant of Vincennes, declares, that he was a keeper in the Donjon of Vincennes on the

* Proof that I was not arrested at Valençay, as stated by the governor in his report.

† Proof that from the 25th of March 1810, the day I entered the Donjon of Vincennes, I never was out of it but once, on the 8th of April in the morning, and that I returned to it the same day, after the conversation at Paris with M. Desmarest narrated in Chapter IX.

25th of March 1810, on which day at nine in the morning, the Baron de Kolli was given into his charge under the closest confinement; that on the 26th of April 1810, the day on which the ministerial report appeared respecting the affair of Valençay, the said Baron was in a cell of the said Donjon of Vincennes on the second story, and under the declarant's charge; that he was only taken out of it on the 8th of April in the morning, and returned to it the same day in the evening, being brought back from Paris, after a conversation with the minister of police: declares that the trick having been proved to him by the gazette of the 26th of April 1810, he could not help feeling veneration for his prisoner, and from that day devoted himself to the alleviation of his sufferings; declares, that he introduced secretly into the cell of the Baron, the two counts de Polignac, then detained in the said Donjon; declares finally, that being a witness against the government of Bonaparte in that affair, he was on that account thrown into a dungeon of the Bicêtre, where he passed three years and a half, and where he would have died, had it not been for the aid which divine Providence has just sent us.

(Signed) "THOMAS GUIGNY."

No. 3.*

"John Charles Frederic Richard, inhabitant of Paris, Rue Neuve du Luxembourg, No. 35, declares that he was compelled by the government of Bonaparte, and by virtue of an order emanating from, and signed by, the duke of Otranto, to repair to the chateau of Valençay, in order to deceive king Ferdinand VII. then a prisoner of Bonaparte at the said chateau, by counterfeiting the person of the Baron de Kolli, who had been intrusted with a mission from the British government to his said majesty, but was then a prisoner in the Donjon of Vincennes. Declares, that he arrived at the castle of Valençay, furnished with the credential letter of the Baron, and letters from king George III. to king Ferdinand, which letters had been taken from the Baron on the 24th of March 1810, at the moment he was arrested in the Park of Vincennes; declares, that his secret instructions were to favor the escape of the king, and to bring him as a prisoner to the Donjon of Vincennes. Wishing to justify his intentions on the plea of necessity, by the present public declaration, he denounces authentically this atrocious manœuvre of the government of Bonaparte, and asserts that if M. de Berthemy, the

* Proof of the crime committed by the general police.

commandant of Valençay had not kept him continually in sight during the conversation he had with his royal highness, the infant Don Antonio,* he would have delivered to his royal highness the order emanating from, and signed by, the duke of Otranto, in which he is designated by the supposititious name of Albert; † on the declarant's return to Paris, the minister of police required him to return the royal letters in question, and the instructions that had been given him; the first were returned, but the declarant alledged that he had burnt the latter. The declarant now consigns this convincing document to the Baron de Kolli, and conjures him to accept the reparation, which he hereby makes to the Baron's honor, and to be convinced of the zeal which the declarant will never cease to feel in the cause of legitimate kings.

(Signed) "RICHARD."

* Uncle of his majesty.

† By this triple combination, the police dishonored me, ruined Albert de St. B***, and screened Richard from all suspicion.

No. 4.*

Copy of the orders and instructions given by the duke of Otranto to the Sieur Richard, under the name of Albert, &c.

"INSTRUCTIONS.

"The Sieur Albert will repair to Valençay. The object of his mission is to deliver to prince Ferdinand a letter written to him by king George III. to induce him to return to Spain.

"In order to fulfil it, he will introduce himself as having objects of art to exhibit for sale. He will address himself to the governor, on pretence of applying for permission to enter the chateau.

"The governor, who is already apprized, will receive him in private. The Sieur Albert will shew him the present instructions, and acquaint him with the means he proposes to fulfil his mission. The governor will give such directions as he judges likely to facilitate it.

"Having obtained permission to enter the chateau on his business, the Sieur Albert will address himself to the person whom the governor will point out as most

* The original is in the possession of the British government.

likely to give him the opportunity of seeing and conversing with the prince.

"He will first introduce himself to that person as having articles to dispose of; he will then inform him in a cautious and mysterious manner, that he is intrusted with an important mission, and is the bearer of a letter, which he can deliver to no one but prince Ferdinand himself. In case of necessity, he may produce the letter which the marquis Wellesley gave to the Baron de Kolli as an introduction.

"There is no doubt that by this means the Sieur Albert will succeed in gaining admission to prince Ferdinand, and that he may then deliver him the despatch of which he is the bearer.

"After that, he must explain the means he possesses of facilitating his escape, and leading him in safety to the coast of Normandy,* where vessels will be in waiting, &c. &c. He must insist upon the prince being alone, or at least to have not more than one attendant. In either case, the governor will provide him with two or three trusty persons, who will be supposed to be agents of Albert, or gained over by him.

"As to the method of quitting Valençay, he must

* Why not that of Brittany? Because the road of Normandy led to Vincennes.

prevail upon the prince to withdraw himself from the observation of his guards; if he will not consent to try it, Albert will propose to him to carry him off by means of forged orders, upon which the governor will deliver him to the person entrusted with the execution. It is perfectly understood that the Sieur Albert is not to propose or to use this last plan, but in the event of the prince refusing or not venturing to risk the first.

"The Sieur Albert will bring the prince straight to Vincennes, persuading him that he is proceeding to the coast of Normandy a little way round.

"In the event of the prince refusing to fly, in order to repair to the coast, Albert will at least try to get from him an answer to the letter delivered to him.

"As to every other point the Sieur Albert will follow the directions which the governor is requested to give him; for that purpose he will settle the mode of communicating with M. de Berthemy, so as that no one in the chateau shall have any suspicion of it.

(Signed) "THE DUKE OF OTRANTO."

"*Paris, 30th of March* 1810."

No. 5.*

Copy of Letter from the author to the duke of Otranto.

"My Lord Duke,

"I have the honor to address the following questions to you, and request you to attest and certify your reply to them:—

"1. Does your excellency disavow or not, what has been published respecting me, and the mission with which I was entrusted from the British government to king Ferdinand VII?

"2. Is the report of the minister of police, dated the 26th of April, 1810, signed Fouché, and addressed to the ex-emperor, true or false?

"3. Who is the wretch whom the government of Bonaparte furnished with the documents appertaining to my mission? Does your excellency admit that he was sent to Valençay under my name, in order to deceive the captive monarch, with the assistance of the Sieur de Berthemy, the commandant of the place, who produced some letters on that occasion?

"4. Where and when was I made a state prisoner?

"5. What accident opposed the fulfilment of my mission?

* This letter was the result of a call which I made on the duke; I suppress the dialogue between us; the reader will guess its nature.

"6. Where are my effects, my money and my diamonds? Were they properly registered as being found on my person, and as my private property?

"Your excellency's declaration being intended to be added to others which I have required, and to give them nullity or force, will be transmitted to the courts of France, England, and of Spain.

"I have the honor to be,

"My Lord Duke,"

&c. &c.

No. 6.*

Copy of the declaration of the Duke of Otranto.

"The Duke of Otranto attests and declares, that the Baron de Kolli, who was entrusted with a mission from the British government to his catholic majesty, king Ferdinand VII. did everything to execute it, which honor, fidelity, and zeal could have inspired; that his arrest, which took place on the 24th of March 1810, at a house in the park of Vincennes prevented him from repairing to Valençay; that a person named Richard was

* This decisive paper establishes the forgery of all the pieces inserted in the report, chapter IX. page 129, and consequently of the letters attributed to king Ferdinand by the police. The duke of Otranto here unveils a mystery, the depth of which few persons would have suspected.

sent there under his name; that all his effects, money, and diamonds, were deposited at the office of general of police, as being the private property of Baron de Kolli. The duke of Otranto further certifies, that all that has been printed respecting the Baron and his mission is *a fable*, devised and purposely substituted for the true report which was made, and in which the duke of Otranto proposed, 1. That the affair should not be made public; 2. That the Baron de Kolli should be sent back to the marquis Wellesley, to whom the duke wished to show a mark of respect and confidence.

(Signed) "THE DUKE OF OTRANTO."

"*Paris, May* 20, 1814."

Of these documents I also sent copies to all the sovereigns and princes of Europe.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey to London. Interview with M. de Berthemy, and his disclosures.

HAVING received a passport for England from Sir Charles Stuart, I set out for London. I had previously received the following letter from the marquis Wellesley:

"*Apsley House, 1st August,* 1814.

"SIR,

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 25th of June, transmitting to me a copy of the paper relative to the affair of Valençay, for which, and for the obliging expressions contained in your letter, I return my acknowledgments.

"Having delivered to the earl of Liverpool all the papers connected with the affair

of Valençay, and not holding any official situation in his majesty's government, they are now before his majesty's ministers; and I shall be most happy to be of any service to you, if the British government should require me to take any further part in a transaction which can now only be decided by them.

"I have the honor to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient and humble servant,

(Signed) "WELLESLEY."

"To the Baron de Kolli."

On my arrival in London, I transmitted to the government the pecuniary account of my operations and secret expenditure. The documents I produced having been verified and transmitted to the satisfaction of the English ambassador in France, the British ministers behaved with the greatest liberality towards me. They furnished me

with the means of undertaking a journey to Madrid, and in compliance with my wish, the letters of his Britannic majesty, written in 1810, were again entrusted to me.

On my return to Paris, I arranged several private matters. M. de Berthemy, ex-governor of Valençay, had just arrived there, having quitted the service of Naples. That officer introduced himself to me, and thus disavowed his participation in the plot.

"The minister of police apprised me of the journey of Richard, at the same time that the latter sent me notice of his arrival in the town, and of the orders he had received to communicate secretly with me.

"Conceiving then the views of the government upon my prisoner, and finding myself without the means of baffling them, I confined myself to being rather imprudent in my conduct towards Richard, in order to awaken the attention of the king's domestics, who were always alive to the slightest circumstance.

"My principal object was to put them all on their guard against me and Richard, whom I knew to be a traitor. In the first interview which I had with him, he explained to me the means entrusted to him for the

purpose of carrying off the king, and the plan he meant to follow. In the event of the king's refusal, I was to introduce him into the chateau, and put him in communication with the person alluded to in the duke of Otranto's instructions, as being likely to give him the means of conversing with the king; finally I was required to assist him. I was placed in a situation of considerable embarrassment. My inclination led me to serve their royal highnesses; my duty, as a soldier, commanded me to obey the ministry, but the horror with which Richard inspired me prevented me from yielding, although it was impossible for me to avoid seeing the fate which would otherwise await us.....In the confusion of my ideas, I adopted a middle course, that of leaving all to Providence, and putting up prayers that Richard might fail in his attempts. As the government in that case could only blame their own agent, they would do as they thought proper; I exclaimed with Pilate, "*I wash my hands of it.*" Richard having been introduced into the castle, placed himself in a gallery which led to the royal apartments. Deceived by a guilty conscience, Richard saw the Infant Don Antonio coming out; he imagined that prince was the king, and shewed him some trifles. His royal highness examined them, and put some questions to

him, about turnery work,* listened with indulgence to his unconnected gossip, and perceiving an extraordinary confusion in the man, endeavoured to read through his dull countenance. His royal highness was about to retire, when the pretended merchant declared himself an envoy from the British government to effect his majesty's escape, and that he had letters of king George to deliver to his majesty. . . . His royal highness cast a significant look at him, withdrew without paying the least attention to what he said, and immediately informed the king of the circumstance. His majesty sent his usher shortly after to complain of this audacity, and requested me to dismiss the wretch.

"Richard however wished to use his discretionary powers; with threats in his mouth, and the dagger in his hand, he summoned the usher to introduce him to the the king, and to inform his majesty that a squadron of gendarmerie was approaching to carry him off from Valençay, &c. &c.

"His majesty's firmness making me dread an exposure which might be of serious injury to the government, I thought it right to interfere, and to take the responsibility of what might happen upon myself. On his part the

* A species of amusement which his royal highness understood perfectly, and was very fond of.

minister having been properly informed of the circumstance by his invisible spies, approved my conduct, and at the same time sent me some fictitious letters, written in my own name and that of the king, with orders to re-transmit copies of them to his excellency, as if I had written, or received them from the prisoner at Valençay.

"Those were the letters published on the occasion of your affair, and attributed to king Ferdinand and myself.

"As soon as I learned at Naples the arrival in France and Spain of the legitimate sovereigns of these kingdoms; and received your memoir with the documents relative to the affair of Valençay, I hastened to Paris, to clear myself of the imputations which might be thrown upon me, by the publication of the orders of the duke of Otranto to Richard, and the declaration of the latter.

"I have quitted the service of Murat, to enter into that of the Bourbons, if they will deign to accept my services; and you will find me disposed to do everything in my power to add to the general esteem which you have so well deserved."

In a second conversation, that officer proposed to intrust me with all the papers transmitted to him, either by the ministry or by M. d'Amezaga, whose intrigues with the police, had lost him the favor of his majesty;

and even the letters forged by the police, and sent as originals, in order that the governor of Valençay might dispatch copies conformable, ... such as that of the 4th of April, 1810,* of which we have already spoken, and which is acknowledged to be a forgery by the terms of the duke of Otranto's declaration.

Nothing certainly could have better proved the sincerity of that officer, or recommended him more than such a step, if he had effected it without going out of the straight road. But either from want of confidence in his own ideas, or from the natural desire of uniting the approbation of the government with that of the public, on the very day that he was to have delivered me these papers, he went to pay his court to the minister at war,† and to ask his advice. There is no difficulty in guessing what was the advice of a person, who was secretly favoring the return of Bonaparte. ... Fully aware

* On the pretended adoption.

† Marshal Soult, duke of Dalmatia.

of the importance of the papers in question, and the danger to which they might expose the authors of such forgeries, the minister expressed a wish to see them, and to shew them to the king of France. M. de Berthemy saw nothing in this wish, but what was very natural, and probably thought that his compliance with it might be an opportunity of recommending him. . . . . But the case was quite otherwise. The minister did not return the letters, and M. de Berthemy deceived and confounded, swore, but rather too late, that he would not be caught so again.

Without attaching any other importance to the possession of these forgeries than the wish I had to collect everything relative to the affair, I thought it my duty to address a letter to the chancellor of France, and to claim the performance of the promise given to M. de Berthemy. It will be seen by the chancellor's answer, that the minister at war had made use of a pretence.

"*Paris, 5th January,* 1815.

"I am quite a stranger, baron, to the communication made to the king of France, of several forged letters attributed to his catholic majesty. All that I know of the matter is, that these letters, sent by M. de Berthemy, were delivered into his majesty's hands by the duke of Dalmatia, and that his majesty has kept them. I believe also, that his majesty did not consider it proper to return them again to the superior officer, who was the bearer of them. But as they did not pass through my hands, M. de Berthemy has no right to apply to me for them; perhaps he should address himself to the duke of Dalmatia.

"Accept, baron, the assurances of my distinguished consideration.

(Signed) "The Chancellor of France,

"D'AMBRAY."

Filled with indignation, and perhaps urged on by my intreaties, M. de Berthemy made a fresh application, which only produced the

return of some insignificant papers. After properly attesting them, he attached them to a memoir, addressed to his catholic majesty, which he requested me to forward to that monarch. I acquitted myself faithfully of the commission, but there are reasons which oblige me to refrain from publishing here, the verbal answer given by the king, at the same time, that I do not thereby wish it to be understood that it was unfavorable to M. de Berthemy.

The journey to Madrid having, as I have already mentioned, been left at my discretion, I had a portfolio prepared, made of brocade, studded with golden *fleurs-de-lis*, ornamented with the Spanish and English colours, and these words richly embroidered:

"George III. king of Great Britain, to Ferdinand VII. king of Spain and the Indies, prisoner at Valençay."

Under this brilliant envelope I placed the royal letters in question. Finally, having

been furnished with a passport from the Spanish ambassador in London, I set out for Madrid, with the externals of wealth and happiness, which the object of my journey warranted.

In passing through Spain, a certain degree of satisfaction pervaded my mind. Everywhere in that celebrated country, I met with the reception which told me so well, that I was known, and looked upon as less a stranger, because I had suffered in the same cause. But the nearer I approached Madrid, the more I felt oppressed at the sight of the ruins which are prolonged from the Pyrenees to the distant shores of Africa. These dreadful effects of war are evidences of the struggles of a faithful and valiant nation; here a cottage long since burnt, left to the mercy of Providence its ruined inhabitants; but Providence is always good, and the reflection of having done their duty is a consolation to the indigent; there, in a naked apart-

ment, a mother collected her children about her, who were alarmed at the sight of a stranger, as at the fatal period of massacre; but courage and patriotism sat upon her brow. When the accents of a language which had too often sounded violence and menace to their ears struck the villagers, their severe and threatening look advertised the stranger not to look for hospitality at their hands, unless his claims to it were of old date. I have myself more than once felt the effects of this prejudice; but the coolness of a first reception has been succeeded by demonstrations of the most ardent zeal. What could be more flattering than these words addressed to me in broken French, by a Castilian, when I was passing the defiles of Pancorbo: "You do not speak Spanish, Kolli; but you are a Spaniard." To be so really it was necessary to know the language. I applied myself to it, and after 80 lessons, I spoke it passably.

CHAPTER XIX.

The author's residence in Madrid.

ON my arrival at Madrid, I addressed to Don Pedro de Cevallos, the prime minister, the letters of his Britannic majesty, and a request to be admitted to a private audience of the king. His excellency answered my letter on the 6th of February 1815, and informed me, that according to the usage of the court, it would be proper for me to be introduced, ostensibly, by the ambassador of his Britannic majesty.

Sir Henry Wellesley having been good enough at my request, to interfere by a private note, I received, on the 27th of the same month, a note from the prime minister, apprizing me, that on the following Wednesday at one o'clock, his majesty would

admit me to the honor of an audience. My presentation was to take place in the presence of the whole corps diplomatique. The British ambassador, to whom I was indebted for the favourable reception I had met with, was so good as to take me with him to the palace in his own carriage, and to place me in the circle between himself and the Portuguese ambassador.

The king entered the hall of audience, followed by their royal highnesses the Infants Don Antonio and Don Carlos. The smile upon his majesty's countenance seemed to tell me that he was making a contrast between the past and the present. Addressing himself first to the French ambassador, the prince of Montmorency-Laval*, then to the Russian, Prussian, and Swedish ministers; his majesty at last advanced towards Sir Henry Wellesley, who immediately presented me.

* Duke of San Fernando Luis, grandee of Spain, a dignity hereditary in his house.

"Well, Kolli," said the king to me, "do you find the air of Madrid milder than that of Vincennes?" "Sire, the air of Valençay could not have been less so to me."—"How are your children?"—"Your majesty's goodness makes life too agreeable to us not to enjoy it heartily."—"I have been informed of your sufferings. Why did you confine yourself to bread and water?"—"Sire, I thought I had lived too long."—"My generals, your companions in captivity, have told me all. You seem to have known my habits at Valençay?"—"Yes, sire, the British government had given me every information."—"I have the fullest sense of the interest which it manifested to me, and I have not been less affected with your fidelity," &c. &c.

In order that the Infants might also have an opportunity of speaking to me, his majesty continued his progress round the circle. I must confess the expressions of the king

gave me entire satisfaction, and I could not help regarding myself as fully indemnified for my long sufferings at Vincennes.

I received shortly after, from his majesty, a fresh and more distinguished proof of his gratitude, in a decree, addressed to me, setting forth, that "In reward of the special services rendered to his royal person, he had bestowed upon me the cross of the royal and distinguished Spanish order of Charles III., dispensing with the proofs of nobility, &c. &c. required by the statutes of the order, and granting me the favors, privileges, honors, and distinctions, and the use of the insignia belonging to it, by the tenor of the constitutions of the order; confident that the qualities which had rendered me worthy of that high honor, and the zeal I had shewn to his royal person, would lead me to a rigid observance of the same constitutions, and thereby contribute to the greater lustre of the order, and to continue me in the royal favor."

His majesty's munificence was the greater in this instance, as it was out of my power to give the requisite proofs; to raise me in this manner to an order of nobility, to which are attached favors, privileges, honors, and distinctions, and the title of lordship, was a bounty of the highest kind. This honor, to which I had so little pretension, was not the only one by which the king rewarded my zeal; a similar decree was addressed to my son, the chevalier de Kolli, and by a most special favor, another to a third person, whom I named to the Spanish government*.

* On this occasion the king made a remarkable exception in favor of my son. According to the statutes, the royal order of Charles III. cannot be conferred on any one who has not attained 16 years, excepting the Infants, and grandees of Spain. His majesty made the same exception in favor of the chevalier de Kolli.—In 1819, when I sent a copy of the manuscript of this work to his catholic majesty, the king took the opportunity of indemnifying me farther by the grant of a privilege of 100,000 crowns upon the Havannah. But it seemed as if I was

During my residence at Madrid, I met with the most flattering reception from the Spanish grandees; and their royal highnesses the Infants, did me the honor of admitting me to their levees, whenever I presented myself. By the death of the infant Don Antonio, I lost a most generous protector.

But in the midst of a court where every thing appeared to flatter my ambition, I neither forgot the delights of home, the effusions of friendship, nor the endearments of my children. Since my deliverance from captivity, I had scarcely devoted more than a few days to these tenderest objects of my affection; I had done all I could for their

always destined to lose the fruits of my labors: by the treachery of a Mr. Keene, an American in the Spanish service, to whom I had given a confidential procuration, I was frustrated of almost all the advantages of this royal favor; and the Cortes, at one of their first sittings, abolished what remained of the privilege.

fortune: was it not also my duty to attend to their education and happiness?

The day fixed for my departure having arrived, I repaired at seven in the evening to the palace to take leave of his majesty, scarcely supposing that at that hour he would consent to receive me. I walked into the saloon next to that of the guards, and waited there until some one should go and announce me. I had scarcely been there ten minutes, when his majesty came out, and said to me with a politeness of manner I shall never forget, "I am sorry to have kept you waiting."—"Sire," I exclaimed "your majesty is too good: the service I undertook for your majesty I was not fortunate enough to accomplish: but if ever your majesty has again occasion for a faithful and devoted servant, you will find Kolli in the Spanish ranks."—"I am certain of it," replied the king.

CHAPTER XX.

The Hundred Days.

I LEFT Madrid at the beginning of March, 1815. The invasion of Bonaparte was not then known there; it was at Vittoria that a cabinet courier gave me that astonishing piece of news. On my arrival at Bourdeaux, the progress of the insurrection had already intercepted the communications between Paris and that city. Satisfied with the services I had already rendered to the royal cause, I might have returned back to Madrid, and there waited, in the quiet enjoyment of the royal favor, until the events of the campaign would allow me to rejoin my family; but I was determined to prove that the unjust detention of my diamonds, which had been made in the name of his most Christian

majesty, had in no degree altered my inviolable attachment to his august dynasty.

Having requested an audience of her royal highness the duchess of Angoulème, the viscount de Montmorency was good enough to inform me on the 27th of March, that MADAME would receive me next day at eleven, and that he should be happy to talk with me about Spain. In the very short conversation I had with that princess, I felt myself so much affected, that it was impossible for me to do otherwise than make the offer of my services.

Madame had been entrusted to the affection and fidelity of the Bordelais, by the prince her husband, at the time he was obliged to repair to Toulouse, to exercise the powers delegated to him by the king, in the 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th military divisions of his government.

The duchess received a renewal of their oath of fidelity from the civil and military

authorities, gave orders for the enrolment of volunteers, and for the measures of defence; spent a part of the night in reading dispatches and expediting couriers, and was occupied during the day in receiving faithful adherents.

Surprized at not having seen the commandant of the fortress of Blaye among the officers who came to give assurances of their fidelity to the Bourbons, her royal highness sent him orders to appear next day; but notwithstanding all the arguments that could be used to prevail upon him to go, nothing could be obtained of him; in consequence of which, another officer, in whom confidence could be placed, was joined with him in the command.

However, in compliance with the intentions of *Madame*, they hastened, or rather pretended to hasten the military preparations in every way; but there was a most inadequate supply of arms for the number of volunteers.

Easter Sunday was spent in reviewing the troops of the line, and the national guards assembled in the Champ-de-mars. But time passed away, and the successive defections of the troops made the royal cause lose all the advantages which were necessary to preserve that part of France in obedience to its authority. Sensible of the importance of the fortress of Blaye to the security of Bourdeaux, and how little dependance was to be placed in the commandant, Madame determined to substitute a garrison of the national guards of Bourdeaux, for that of the troops of the line; orders were given in consequence, but means were found to elude them. Only one superior officer of the garrison, the chevalier de Barbarin, refused to participate in the treachery, and after haranguing the 62nd regiment on the *place d'armes* in terms becoming a faithful subject, he quitted the fortress *alone*, in order to repair to Bourdeaux.

The lieutenant general, commanding the

11th division, was still faithful; he presented the chevalier de Barbarin to Madame, who said to him, in a tone that shewed how much she was affected: "I thank you: it were to be wished that so excellent an example found imitators." The conduct of M. de Barbarin, although very natural, excited my admiration. I offered him my friendship, and proposed that we should unite our fates as long as his new emigration lasted. From that moment we never quitted each other, till the last day of his life. We agreed to do duty alternately in guarding Madame, and to sacrifice our lives (if necessary) in defending her against traitors.

Hitherto general Decaen appeared to be firm in his resolution of seconding the intentions of the princess. Until general Clausel arrived on the right bank of the Garonne, public opinion had only taxed him with weakness and inactivity. But his refusal to send away the garrison of Bourdeaux, of

whose fidelity great doubts were very properly entertained, incensed the faithful inhabitants against him. Her royal highness was desirous that he should lead against Clausel the innumerable volunteers whose ardent zeal had led them to assemble and unite themselves to the brave royal guards. The want of arms was urged as a pretence for delaying this, and only one detachment was sent to guard two passages of the river!

The treacherous garrison at Blaye having at last joined the insurgents, that corps advanced in order to effect a junction with the regiments remaining at Bourdeaux, and to occupy that city in the name of Bonaparte. Generals Decaen and Harispe then took the opportunity to tell her royal highness that she must provide for her own safety, and think no further of defending the place. The affected sorrow with which they attempted to cover their defection, saved them with difficulty from the general indignation. The

duchess, always greater in adversity, made no other reply to them than darting that majestic look, which carries with it an eternal sentence of reprobation. She was unwilling to quit a city where the paternal authority of the king was still cherished, and herself regarded as a mother or a friend. The Bordelais were ready for action, and probably would have been victorious. But with a constant readiness to paralyse the most effectual means of action, generals Decaen and Harispe endeavoured to alarm *Madame* with chimerical fears. . . . . "The zeal and ardour of the inhabitants of Bourdeaux are such as to prevent me from having the least fears for the safety of the city; I would not however wish to expose it to the chance of destruction. But is it no longer possible to render that garrison available, for whose fidelity you yesterday made yourselves responsible?"—"It is quite impossible, Madame."—"I wish

to satisfy myself of the fact; collect the troops in their barracks."

The generals expressed their dread of the consequences of this bold step, but her royal highness remained firm, and immediately set out in an open carriage, followed by an immense crowd, always eager to see her. She entered alone into the Chateau-Trompette; the garrison was drawn up under arms, when Madame stood up, and thus addressed them: "If there are among you any, who yet recollect the oaths of fidelity which you renewed to me only a few days since, and who remain faithful to the king, let them quit the ranks, and speak out aloud.....What! is it possible that it is the very regiment of Angoulême to which I address myself in vain? Is it possible that you have so soon forgot the favors with which you have been loaded by the prince my husband?—Oh,

God! how cruel it is, after twenty years of misfortunes, to be again compelled to expatriate myself! But I am still a Frenchwoman—and you are no longer Frenchmen. —Dismiss!" *

Madame immediately repaired to the quays, where the faithful national guards were assembled, and addressed them in these words, in an accent of profound grief: "Brave Bordelais! I desire you will think no longer of defending this city. I am convinced of the fruitlessness of the attempt; I have satisfied myself that you will not be supported." Then, turning to the generals who were in her train, she said to them: "It is to you, gentlemen,

* Her royal highness was no sooner fairly out of the Chateau-Trompette, than the garrison shut the gates, and hoisted the standard of revolt. General Clausel, whose troops were in line of battle on the opposite side of the Garonne, immediately answered this signal of intelligence.

that I must look for the preservation of this city and its inhabitants; restrain *your* troops, and keep down disorder; you have it entirely in your power."

The grief and despair of the Bordelais were too great to allow matters to be settled without coming to an engagement. It began on the 1st of April at seven in the evening, by a warm discharge of musketry. At eight, her royal highness left the city. She arrived at Pauliac at eight next morning; after mass, she took an affecting leave of her escort, and embarked in the long-boat of an English sloop of war.

The evening before her departure, M. de Barbarin and I penetrated into the Chateau-Trompette in order to ascertain the intentions of the chiefs of the garrison; one of them, who had belonged to the 62nd regiment, was a friend of M. de B. After some hesitation, he told us that the disposition of the garrison was so completely

changed, as to render an attempt on the life of *Madame* not at all improbable; but as he had no feeling of hatred to her royal highness, he promised to acquaint M. de B. if the scheme was persisted in, or if *Madame's* departure was delayed. M. de Barbarin and I had agreed to take no notice of the step we had taken, until there was reason to apprehend danger; however, on reflection, he thought it better to mention it to her royal highness, and to take her orders respecting it.

On her departure, *Madame* ordered the chevalier to rejoin her at Passages, near St. Sebastian, where, before she sailed for England, she wished to be satisfied of the fidelity of general Thouvenot, the principal commandant of Bayonne, and of the fortresses of Navareins, and St. John-Pied-de-Port.

During the firing on the evening of the

1st of April, at Bourdeaux, we did what we could to collect and keep together the royal volunteers of the horse-guard; and at the head of a detachment of that corps we threw ourselves into the Landes in order to get into Spain.

Although pursued, and watched for at the entrances of the road, and although we had forty leagues to travel without unbridling, and two rivers to cross, we arrived safe and sound in the province of Navarre. M. de Barbarin immediately repaired to Passages, and there he received *Madame's* commission to raise a corps of light infantry for the service of the king. He was instructed, however, to wait until the king of Spain had declared himself, and until the general of his army of observation of the western Pyrenees, had informed him that hostilities against Bonaparte were authorized; and also to consider himself

under the immediate orders of the Spanish general, and only to act upon the points fixed upon by him.

As the feeling of the king of Spain was not all doubtful, *Madame* wrote with her own hand to his majesty, to recommend the corps to him, as well as the officers and royal volunteers of Bordeaux, which formed the skeleton of it. His majesty shewed the strongest disposition to comply with Madame's wishes, by immediately receiving into his service all the officers included in the list which she transmitted to him.

The chevalier de Barbarin, first colonel of the regiment of Maria-Theresa, admitted into the Spanish service, proceeded to the nomination of the officers, and the formation of the corps. I had the honor to be second in command, and M. de Romilly was appointed chief of battalion.*

* The same who subsequently behaved so honorably in the affair of Lyons, under general Canuel.

As the number of emigrants was every day increasing, the captain-general of Guipuscoa applied to his court for orders, in order to do away the inconvenience of too great a crowd being collected at Tolosa. In consequence of ministerial orders, the regiment was separated, the staff remained at Tolosa, and the corps was sent to Vittoria.

The prudent reserve of the court of Madrid proceeded from considerations of the highest importance. Bonaparte however explained it entirely in his own favor, and he was not undeceived until his own forces were collected in Flanders. Then only he was informed that his catholic majesty had manifested the intention of seconding with all his efforts the coalition formed against him. The Spanish troops had already begun their march towards the common central point, in order to protect the return of their royal highnesses the dukes of Angoulême and Bourbon.

On the 12th of May, colonel de Barbarin was informed by an express, sent by a chief of battalion secretly employed in the fortress and citadel of Bayonne, that the principal persons of the Basque country were desirous of an interview with him, in order to concert the means of throwing off the yoke of the usurper, saving the young men from the conscription, and restoring the royal authority. The place of meeting, the day and the hour were all fixed. Nothing could seem more favorable to the interests of the king of France, and of the inhabitants of the province. Notwithstanding the restraint we were under to obey the special orders of *Madame*, the colonel returned an affirmative answer, and ordered me to accompany him under the walls of Bayonne. We travelled five leagues in the midst of the insurgents, taking no other precautions than covering our caps and white cockades with oil skin, and our uniforms with great coats. On the

15th, we were near enough to hear distinctly the words of command given by the officers, when exercising the garrison on the glacis of Bayonne. I had the curiosity to go close up to the sentry box, to ascertain if my description which was stuck up there in large characters was at all accurate.

The chief of Battalion Artès, and the Basque chiefs, were punctual to the rendezvous. After the fullest discussion, it was agreed that we should meet on the 23d of the month, in front of Ochagavia, on Mount Artzagain, to which place the Basque chiefs were to bring each of them armed detachments, forming a total of 1500 men. We were to take the command of them, in order to establish a line of operations, the centre of which would rest upon Pau, and the extremities extend from sea to sea, so as easily to intercept the communication of the rebels, thwart the generals in their measures, and protect the conscripts and victims of proscription,

lists of whom were posted up in every town. M. Artês was to effect a surprize on the citadel of Bayonne, and M. de Barbarin on that of Blaye, through the agency of an officer in each garrison whom they had secured.

On our return to Spain we had a rencontre which might have been fatal to general Harispe, if we had not been more generous than prudent. That officer, after conducting himself as he did at Bourdeaux, was appointed to the command of the first division, and of the pretended army of observation of the Western Pyrenees, his native country, the theatre of his glory, &c. He went and returned regularly from Bayonne to his chateau at Baigorry, forwarding the levies, and publishing reports of victories. Our Basque guides, who were actuated towards him by a feeling closely allied to hatred, perceived him at a short distance behind us, riding along without suspicion, accompanied by an officer dressed like himself in a great

coat and round hat, and followed by two servants. "To make him a prisoner and carry him to our cantonments, would be an act perfectly justifiable by his rebellion and our own situation; but he is unarmed, without uniform, and without an escort; the king's officers will only attack enemies who defend themselves. Let us leave those whom chance has thrown in our power to proceed unmolested on their journey; our interests will not suffer from it, we must prevent the Basques from giving way to their fury."

It will be seen that some days afterwards that general did not behave so nobly to us.

There was not sufficient time to allow colonel de Barbarin to bring up the squadron of cavalry, and the depôt, which had been detached to Vittoria. They would have been a very seasonable reinforcement to us in the Bearn. He contented himself with employing a small corps of emigrants, which had arrived the night before at Berra, and des-

tined them to discipline the Basques. He made proposals to them to enter into the service, which they unanimously accepted, and were accordingly entered in the rolls of the regiment of Maria Theresa. Before he commenced his march, the colonel sent letters to their royal highnesses the dukes of Angoulême and Bourbon, and to the French ambassador at Madrid, to acquaint them with the reasons which induced him to quit Spain, and to commence hostilities against the rebels. Although both he and I had been named Spanish colonels, and put under the command of the captain general of Guipuscoa, our honor, the safety of the French emigrants, and our duty, made us regard ourselves as attached to the fate of the regiment of Maria Theresa, and to the cause of France.

On the 21st of May 1815, a little before night-fall, our little troop began its march. I had made a sketch of the road across the chain of the Pyrenees, from Urdach to Ocha-

gavia, avoiding as much as possible the French territory and the hostile parts of it. Notwithstanding this precaution, we could not, on entering by Bidaraye, avoid forcing the post established there, and marching along the right bank of the Nive as far as Saint Martin d'Arzoa.

We had no other arms with us than bayonets and a few horse-pistols. On our arrival at Bidaraye, day began to dawn; the colonel and I, after planting our little troop in ambush in the village, advanced upon the post sword in hand, and surprised it. Eleven carabines, and as many cartouch-boxes and sabres, served to arm our people.

The celerity of our march being alone likely to overcome the obstacles which may be supposed, we proceeded immediately under the direction of a guide taken from the village, to whom I did not give the order until we were fairly out of it.

On crossing the Nive I observed that our

map placed Saint Martin on the right bank of the river; but, as it is covered with a number of bridges, we were led to imagine that our guide would conduct us to it. He was one of those Basques whom you can only understand by gestures.

A fatality of that kind which prudence cannot foresee awaited us. Our guide, misled by an odd resemblance of name, led us very innocently to Saint Martin d'Arboa, in a direction exactly opposite to Saint Martin d' Arzoa, and in the very middle of the line of the enemy's posts.

What was to be done but to rest and conceal ourselves in a favorable spot? The colonel determined to do that near the village of Helette, behind a wood, at the farm of Hâron, as much to give our troop some hours' rest, as to get into the right road again. We had been there about two hours, when the firing of our sentinels apprized us of an attack in front of the farm, on the side

of the wood;* a smart fire was kept up to prevent our getting out; we succeeded however in forming on an open front of about one hundred yards, with some inclosed fields and barns in our rear. Every one took aim, almost within reach of an enemy four times our number; feeling the importance of the moment, we advanced, but the colonel was hit in the right thigh and fell; I ran and tried to lift him on his horse, but the pain he felt was so great that he could not stand; the enemy's fire being principally directed at him, I was only apprehensive lest they should hit him again. He raised himself in the attitude of *the dying gladiator,* surveyed our situation, ordered us to suspend firing, and to charge bayonets. I

* M. Rouquette, a young man, then only sixteen years old, who was standing sentinel over the arms, effectually checked the enemy, and by his resistance allowed time to form the posts, and for the officers to come out of the farm.

darted forward, and followed by my friends, overthrew every thing that came in our way; but the enemy, seeing how few we were in number, soon rallied, and endeavoured to drive us back to the farm; there in the same order we expended our last cartridge. M. de Barreau received a mortal wound above the heart, M. Duperrier de Villefort was on the point of falling; all the others were covered with blood. Our intrepid colonel, after handing me his portfolio, and ordering me to retreat, shot himself through the head. Messrs. de Bongards, de Saint André, five others, and myself were overpowered by numbers, and made prisoners, crying, *Vive le Roi!*

While our enemies were boasting of putting us to death, M. d'Artès and the different Basque detachments arrived, under the guidance of their chiefs, at the place of rendezvous, and raised the royal standard in the surrounding communes; but the news of our

defeat made them disperse. Two months afterwards however they assembled in greater numbers, and effected their object under the orders of lieutenant general the duke of Damas, whom the duke of Angoulême had ordered to take the chief command of that district.

CHAPTER XXI.

The author's second Captivity.

THE rage of the rebels was at its height; their leader wished to preserve my life, and ordered me to be led to a retired spot, where he had had the other prisoners bound to trees, and heaped the bodies of the wounded on each other. He himself came shortly after to glut his eyes with this frightful sight. "Don't be in such haste to triumph," I said to him, "perhaps in another day's time fortune will have changed sides." I was almost a prophet, for immediately after, a messenger came to inform him that a superior force was hastening to our assistance. Fear then did what humanity had not been able to do; he gave orders to unbind the prisoners, placed the body of the colonel in a cart, directed the wounded to be carried to St. John Pied

de Port, and set out to rejoin two companies of the 66th regiment, which were on the march, along with other troops of the line.

We arrived at night at a little village where we slept. Next day general Harispe wishing to see us, we were carried to Baigorry, where he could contemplate us at his ease, through the window blinds of his chateau. From thence, still preceded by the bloody corpse of our colonel, we were conducted to the fortress of St. John Pied de Port, of which general Blondeau was the commandant. I delivered colonel Barbarin's pocket-book to him, requesting that he would transmit it to his family, and that he would be good enough to allow the corpse of that brave man to be buried. That officer knit his brows and cried "*To the sewer with it!*"

I passed the night along with our wounded. Early in the morning a detachment of fifty soldiers came to conduct me to Bayonne, where I arrived two days after.

I was immediately put into a dungeon, and a court martial was summoned to try me.

The reader recollects that a dungeon is my element. This time I was not likely to wait more than a few days for that death which I had been so long praying for at Vincennes. Having been taken in arms on the territory of the empire, and under the banners of honor, the code of crimes was to be applied to me, under the article *rebellion*, by soldiers to whose conscience acts of fidelity had long been a reproach. The fury of the soldiery was extreme, and the too famous song of "*Enfans de la patrie*" was raised once more against the aristocrats, the soldiers of Louis, and the princes. During a peaceful sleep, which succeeded to the fatigues of the preceding day, the soldiers of the garrison, excited by greater criminals, kept abusing me through the bars of my prison windows, and were talking to each other of my approaching punishment. But I will not dwell

on the narrative of such outrages, which a salutary remorse has probably long since expiated.

While our fate was in agitation, count d'Abisbal, the Spanish commander-in-chief, sent a flag of truce to general Thouvenot, claiming me as a superior Spanish officer, and threatening, in the event of any attempt upon my life, to use reprisals upon such French officers as the chances of war might throw into his hands.

This generous step obliged the authorities to wait for orders from the government. My life was again at the mercy of the duke of Otranto, then minister of the general police. The court martial was however making inquiries on the spot, in spite of the delays purposely thrown by general Thouvenot, to the execution of the orders of general Clausel, governor of the 11th division. Major Mouchet, the reporter, had already come to satisfy himself, by my own admission, of the validity of my quality as a Spanish ge-

neral officer. I declared to him, "that I had been made a prisoner in the quality of lieutenant-colonel of the emigrant French regiment of Maria Theresa, and that I wished to die as such, and in the uniform of the regiment."

Attempts were made to induce me to make submissions to Bonaparte, in imitation of some persons who were less responsible by their example. I left all my followers at liberty to act according to their own conscience, and I learned that not one of them was persuaded to take so cowardly a step.

On the 1st of June, an order arrived to consider us no longer as soldiers, but to transfer us to the prison of the criminal and civil tribunal of the department, to be there tried as citizens taken in arms, and in the act of rebellion, upon the territory of the empire. That measure, which was calculated to make us then rather uneasy, was the means of our escaping certain death.

The battle of Waterloo, by restoring her king and princes to France, was the second miracle to which millions of victims owed their preservation.

As soon as the legitimate authority was recognized by the local authorities, I was liberated from prison*, and accompanied by my officers, repaired without loss of time to the French head quarters at St. John de Luz. Our general in chief, the duke of Damas, delivered me the command of my regiment, which immediately entered Bayonne, and was selected to occupy the citadel. Strange vicissitude of fortune! I was now the commander in a place where only a day or two before I was a prisoner!

But the term of my service had now arrived; the dangers which had excited my

* By virtue of an order from the king's procurator, M. de Montplanqua, who had been dismissed during the hundred days, but reinstated himself on the king's return.

zeal for the king of France having ceased, I wrote the following letter to the general in chief:—

"*Bayonne, July* 26, 1815.

"GENERAL,

"The Almighty, who presides over the destinies of France, has replaced on his throne the monarch, for whom every loyal warrior is bound to sacrifice himself.

"As my services are no longer necessary to him, I have the honor to resign into your hands my commission in the regiment of Maria Theresa. I request you will have the goodness to accept it, and grant me permission to go and attend to my private affairs; at the same time accept my thanks for the good offices and esteem with which you have honored me.

"I have the honor to be,

"With respect, &c. &c. &c.

"KOLLI."

To which I received the following answer:

"*Head Quarters at Bayonne, July* 26, 1815.

"MONSIEUR LE BARON,

"I have received the letter which you did me the honor to write of this date. Nothing can be more loyal or more delicate than the sentiments there expressed, or better deserve the general esteem and my personal regrets. As you have resigned your commission, nothing remains for me but to render that justice to you which the purity of your zeal, your disinterestedness, and the most sincere fidelity, so fully merit. I inclose you the permission you ask for, and have the honor to be, with perfect consideration, &c. &c. &c.

(Signed) "The Count de DAMAS CRUZ,
"Commander-in-chief of the army of the Western Pyrenees."

END OF THE MEMOIRS OF KOLLI.

MEMOIRS

OF

MARIA LOUISA,

INFANTA OF SPAIN, AND QUEEN OF ETRURIA.

THESE ROYAL MEMOIRS were written a few days after the liberation of Italy, in 1814, and were addressed to the allied powers, by the authoress, in vindication of her own rights, and those of her son, to the duchy of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla. The Congress of Vienna acknowledged the validity of her claims, and decided that possession of those states should be restored to her after the death of the archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the emperor Francis I.; and assigned her the principality of Lucca as a provisional indemnity.

Maria Louisa, Infanta of Spain, Queen of Etruria, was the third daughter of king Charles IV. and Maria Louisa Infanta of Parma; she was born on the 6th of July, 1782. She was still very young when the Infant Don Louis of Bourbon, eldest son of the duke of Parma, came to Madrid for the purpose of receiving the hand of the Infanta Maria Amelia. That princess was of a very melancholy and reserved character; Maria Louisa on the contrary united to the graces of her sex the vivacity and sprightliness peculiar to her age. The prince of Parma, had inspired an equal inclination to the two sisters, but he preferred Maria Louisa. Through the friendly interference of Godoy, the prince of peace with the king, his wishes were gratified. It is at the period of her marriage that these Memoirs commence.

MEMOIRS

OF

THE QUEEN OF ETRURIA.

AT the age of thirteen years and a half I was married to Don Louis of Bourbon, eldest son of the duke of Parma. Notwithstanding the new quality which this alliance gave me, I continued to reside in Spain with my parents, happy in the attachment which I bore to my husband, and in his tender affection for me. After we had been married six years I gave birth to a son, whom we named Charles Louis, my father having been his sponsor. Nothing had hitherto occurred to disturb our felicity, but at the end of the seventh year of our marriage, I was informed that, by virtue of a treaty which had just been concluded,* my husband was called to the throne of Tuscany, with the title of king of Etruria. The surprise which this news gave me was the greater, that it was the first time I ever heard mention of the politi-

* The treaty of Lunéville.

cal arrangements, in which we had been included.

Shortly after I received instructions for quitting Spain, and in April 1801, set out for Tuscany. My sorrow was very great at being thus obliged to separate myself from my family and my native country, those dear objects of my affection which time has not weakened. A circumstance which I cannot forget very much added to the melancholy of our journey.

The prince of the peace having come to pay my husband a visit, at a moment when I happened to be with him, talked about our approaching departure, and gave us to understand that it had been settled by the king my father, that we should pass through Paris. He added that the first consul had expressed a wish for it, "*to see* (the words escaped him,) *what effect the presence of a Bourbon would produce in France.*"

My husband and I were alarmed at this intelligence; it appeared evident to us that the danger in which our lives might be placed, was not at all thought of, in comparison with pleasing Bonaparte, and exhibiting us in a country where a few years before so atrocious

a massacre had been made of our family. All that we could say on the subject, however, was useless, and we were obliged to take the road to Paris.

The guards of my father, and all the household, accompanied us to the Spanish frontiers; but on our entry into France they were ordered to leave us, and I was only allowed to take with me to Florence four or five gentlemen, a few ladies, and my confessor. A French guard, under the command of a general, then escorted us to Paris, where we resided at the hotel of the Spanish minister. The alarm we had entertained was then dispelled; we were treated with the greatest attention, and invitations from all quarters were lavished upon us. But I was not in a state to enjoy fêtes and entertainments; having been seized with a tertian fever immediately on my arrival, which obliged me to keep my bed almost constantly. We remained about three weeks in Paris, and then took the road to Tuscany, escorted by another French general.

The fatigue we suffered from travelling as far as Parma, was very prejudicial to our health. Paris had not at all agreed with my husband, and my fever still continued. The

tender reception I met with from the duke and duchess of Parma, and the princesses, my sisters in law, in some degree restored me to happiness. I had still, however, considerable cause of apprehension; my son had suffered very much during the journey, and even his nurse had in some degree felt it, as her milk became acrid and unwholesome. For several days I saw myself on the point of losing that dear child; but, thanks to God! he gradually got better, and after three weeks' repose, we were all in a state to be able to repair to Tuscany. I felt sincere sorrow at parting with my husband's relatives; their friendship for me was met by a mutual attachment on my part; it was like parting with my own family a second time.

We arrived at Florence on the 12th of August, 1801. The states of Tuscany had been already occupied by the French troops, under the orders of general Murat, and count Cæsar de Ventura had taken possession in the name of my husband.

Shortly after my arrival, I was unlucky enough to have a miscarriage, and the health of the king became gradually worse and worse. To these causes of melancholy were added other disagreeables

which were not less sensibly felt. The people, seeing that we entered into the kingdom, surrounded by French troops, looked upon us as of the same party. We had also the mortification of finding the palace quite empty; a part of the effects had been taken away by the old sovereign, and since his departure, those who succeeded him had completed the unfurnishing it, and carried away the little that remained; so that for some time we were obliged to have recourse to the nobility, who supplied us with chandeliers, plate, and other articles equally indispensible. This was the first time that the daughter of the king of Spain, accustomed to be served in gold and silver, saw herself obliged to eat off porcelain.

The court of Vienna having been the first to acknowledge us after that of France, general Colli, the Austrian minister, was not long in repairing to Florence, as well as the pope's nuncio.

My husband's first object was to try to get rid of the French troops which still occupied Tuscany, and pressed very heavily on the people; but under a variety

of pretences, his demands for their departure were constantly refused. The first objection was, that we had no troops of our own, and a subsequent one, that the presence of the French was necessary for the security of the country. All that we could obtain was, that as soon as a guard of the nobility should be formed, Murat's soldiers should quit the capital; but they neither quitted Leghorn, nor Pisa, nor the other parts of the states.

Our court was gradually formed, but I could not succeed in retaining in my suite a single Spanish lady; all those who had accompanied me to Florence were recalled a month after our arrival.

My husband's health was rapidly declining. He had at first been attacked by a tertian fever; afterwards he was afflicted with great pains in the chest, and at last a violent and obstinate cough reduced him quite to a shadow. A number of physicians were consulted; every sort of remedy was tried without effect. He remained in that state during the remainder of the summer, and all the following winter.

In the spring of 1802, we received the

news of the approaching marriages of my brother and sister; * my parents wrote to me that the ceremonies would take place in the autumn, and wished that we should be present. In consequence we repaired to Pisa, about the middle of September, in a most deplorable state; my husband still suffered extremely, and for myself, I expected to be confined every day. I became so much indisposed at Pisa, and my husband's illness became so alarming, that we were obliged to stop a month there before we could proceed any further. At last he became a little better, and we embarked; but we had not been more than two days at sea, when I was taken in labor, and delivered of a daughter. Two days after we reached Barcelona; but, in consequence of the prolongation of our stay at Pisa, we arrived too late to be present at the celebration of the marriage, which had taken place, indeed, before we were on our road to Pisa. Immediately on our arrival, my father came to

* The prince of Asturias (the present king of Spain), with the princess Maria Antoinette of Naples: and the Infanta Donna Maria Isabella, with the hereditary prince of the Two Sicilies.

see me, and it was determined that I should land the day following, which took place accordingly. As I had only been three days delivered, I was taken out in the bed on which I laid, and put into the boat through one of the portholes of the vessel. On landing I was placed on a sort of litter, and in that state carried to the palace. The following day my daughter was baptized, and received the names of Louisa-Charlotte, according to the wish of my parents, who were her sponsors.

Some days after our arrival we received the news of the death of the duke of Parma, my father-in-law; this was a source of great affliction to my husband, who was very ill; his cough increased to such a degree, that the Spanish physicians recommended his being immediately sent back to Florence, probably apprehensive of some misfortune happening.

We had been already a month at Barcelona, when their majesties thought proper to make a journey, and insisted on my accompanying them. We went, in consequence, to Carthagena, where my husband and I were to embark for Tuscany; but in consequence of my recent confinement,

I suffered greatly from this journey, which was made by land; my husband was also extremely fatigued by it. Thus, in the room of the diversions and pleasures we were seeking, we met with nothing but *ennui*, and a great deal of suffering. We put to sea on Innocent's day, and by a fresh fatality were assailed in the gulph of Lyons by a storm, which lasted twelve hours. At last we landed at Leghorn, in the first days of 1803, and from thence proceeded to Florence. This continual moving about had gradually increased my husband's disorder, and on the 27th of May, five months after our return from Spain, I was left a widow, at the age of twenty-one, with two children. Before his death, my husband had made a will, in which he recommended his children to me, named me their guardian, and constituted me regent of the kingdom of Etruria.

When I assumed the reins of government, my sole idea was to promote the happiness of my subjects; never was the protection of a government more necessary to them; an epidemic fever had recently broken out at Leghorn, and a great

number of the inhabitants had fallen victims to it. The French troops continued to occupy the country, without the least necessity, in spite of every representation I made to be delivered from them, and occasioned exorbitant expences. I saw myself reduced to the hard necessity of increasing the taxes. In these difficult circumstances, my subjects proved to me how sensible they were of my solicitude for them. At last, however, I succeeded in obtaining a Spanish general to be sent with some troops of that nation, in place of the French, who then evacuated the country. I then enjoyed perfect tranquillity.

The king, my son, was everything that I could wish; good, docile, and already gave indications of a noble character. He made great progress in his studies; his health was strong, and every day saw an increase in the tender affection which his subjects bore to him. My only ambition was, to be able some day to shew him the difference between the deplorable state in which I had found the kingdom, and that in which I expected to deliver it into his hands.

In the midst of these agreeable illusions, a fatal blow came to overturn the structure of happiness which I took a pleasure in elevating. On the 23rd of November, 1807, while I was at one of my country residences, the French minister D'Aubusson la Feuillade, came to inform me that Spain had ceded my kingdom to France; that it was necessary I should depart, and that the French troops which were ordered to take possession of my dominions were already arrived. I immediately dispatched a courier to the king, my father, to ask for an explanation of what had just happened; for I had not received the least intimation on the subject. The answer which I received on the road, was, that I must hasten my departure, as the country no longer belonged to me, and that I must find consolation in the bosom of my family. The entrance of the French troops into the capital compelled me, contrary to my wishes and intentions, to quit the kingdom. At the moment of our departure, the French published a proclamation, in which they released our subjects from their oath of fidelity; but nothing of that sort could be valid—first, because that measure was the effect of

compulsion; secondly, that it was founded on motives which had no existence. In this manner, on the 10th of December, 1807, at the worst period of the year, I took leave of a country where my heart has ever since remained. I was given to understand that a part of Portugal would be offered me, as a compensation for Tuscany; but that offer only served to increase my affliction.

At Milan, I had an interview with Napoleon, in which I expressed to him the sorrow I felt at quitting Tuscany, and requested that he would be good enough to restore me that state, in place of the portion of Portugal. He had the impudence to tell me, that for his own part, he would have left me quiet in Tuscany, but that it was the court of Spain which had proposed the exchange, because my parents wished me to be nearer to them. This man had already formed the idea of invading Spain, and he wished to prevail on me not to return there, but to reside at Turin or Nice.—"Have you not heard the news from Spain?" said he to me. He alluded to the events of San-Lorenzo, in the month of November, of which

I was then entirely ignorant. The alarm with which he inspired me, the desire I had to go and throw myself at the feet of my parents, and represent to them, that whatever treaty had been made, I neither wished for, nor would accept any other sovereignty, much less that of my sister and relative; and the advice of M. de Labrador, the Spanish minister at Florence hastened my journey. After passing through France, where I received everywhere the greatest attention, (particularly at Lyons) we arrived on the 19th of February 1808, at Aranjuez, without any accident. My parents came to meet me, and after enjoying the satisfaction of seeing them, along with my brothers, my first care was to get information about the treaty by which I had been deprived of my sovereignty. They told me that they had been deceived. I cannot deny that while on one side I was as it were thunderstruck by the discovery of the horrible treachery committed against us; on the other, this discovery somewhat consoled me, and encouraged me to renew my intreaties to be allowed to return to my dear Tuscany. While the attempts I made to effect this

were going on, the revolution of the 18th of March, and my father's renunciation of the crown took place, and my brother was named his successor. I used the same intreaties with him, and had obtained the most solemn promise from him that my wish should be gratified, when, by a second act of treachery, he was drawn to Bayonne, and we were all obliged to follow him. I quitted Madrid on the 3rd of May, scarcely recovered from an attack of scarlet fever; and was obliged to leave my son behind me on account of illness, but he rejoined me subsequently at Bayonne. I knew nothing of what had been going on, and almost the first words which my father addressed to me on my arrival there, were, "You must know, my daughter, that our family has for ever ceased to reign." I thought I should have died at the intelligence. I knew not what could have taken place, never having had even the remotest idea of the possibility of such an occurrence. I took leave of my parents, and retired into my chamber, more dead than alive.

Bonaparte being at Bayonne, I applied to him to open a negociation. He entrusted

M. de Champagny, to hear what the chevalier Nuti, whom I had named my plenipotentiary, had to say on the subject.

At first, it was proposed to adhere to the pretended treaty of Fontainebleau; but M. de Champagny having observed, that the emperor had promised the deputies from Lisbon, that he would preserve the integrity of Portugal, proposed that M. Nuti should ask for some other indemnity. The chevalier, who was perfectly acquainted with my intentions, and knew what Napoleon had said to me at Milan, acceded to this proposition, and immediately asked for the restoration of Tuscány. The French minister declined giving an answer without reference to his master. Next day, his answer was, that the emperor would never consent to restore Tuscany; that he was determined to exclude the English commerce from the port of Leghorn, and that it was useless to say any more about it. I then made my plenipotentiary ask for the ancient states of Parma, Placentia, and Guastalla, with such an augmentation of territory as would be a compensation for the sacrifices which the court of Spain had made when Tuscany was given

to us, particularly the cession of Louisiana, which Napoleon had sold to the Americans for eighty-four millions of francs. Champagny appeared to relish this last idea, and promised to give an answer when he had consulted the emperor. That answer was, that as Napoleon was determined to keep the whole of Italy under his own dominion, he would allow of no foreign prince, however petty he might be, having any sovereignty in it, to break upon its integrity, on account of the conscription laws, &c. M. Nuti replied, that it was very easy to make private arrangements, to obviate these inconveniences. Finding himself hard pushed by the reasons M. Nuti opposed to him, Champagny at last declared formally, that the emperor was quite immoveable on that point, and as the house of Bourbon had ceased to reign in Spain, he was determined, on account of his great political views, that no branch of that family should possess any sovereignty whatever in Italy.

The compensation he offered, was landed property or rents of the state, and to soften the cruelty of such a condition, he observed that the burden of government was over-

whelming, and that I should be much happier in the enjoyment of good rents, without any anxiety whatever. The chevalier Nuti treated this revolting proposal as it deserved. He replied that in every condition of life there were troubles to encounter, and duties to perform; that those of sovereigns were immense; but that it was quite unexampled to propose to a prince in the enjoyment of independence, to decend from the throne to receive an indemnity, either in rents or ready money; that it was impossible to put any pecuniary valuation upon the important rights of sovereignty; and that for himself, he was not authorized to enter further into such a negociation, the more so that he was acting for a guardian, whose own powers were limited to the real and evident advantage of her son. The chevalier Nuti, when he gave me a report of this conference, observed that every species of treaty was null and void, while I was not at liberty, and that my only remedy was to yield to necessity.

I resigned myself therefore as well as I could to my fate, and my plenipotentiary applied again to M. Champagny, in order to settle the amount of the annuity and landed

estates, which it was proposed to allow me. The minister did not appear at all unfavorably disposed towards me, but under a pretence that the emperor was quite overwhelmed with business, and that he would set about making the arrangement when he returned to Paris, he adjourned the settlement of my just claims; the sequel proved to me, that it was done on purpose to avoid giving anything.

While I was using every possible means for the recovery of one of the two states, of which we had been despoiled by so base a stratagem, or at least to obtain a satisfactory indemnity, I was made acquainted with that fatal and unexpected act, the treaty of Bayonne, in which it was stipulated that there should be an annual dotation of 400,000 francs for the Infants of Spain, in return for their cession of that kingdom to Napoleon. In conformity to that cruel treaty, my brothers, king Ferdinand VII. and the Infant don Carlos, together with my uncle, don Antonio, received orders to go to Valençay, which took place a few days afterwards. My parents, together with the Infant don Francisco Antonio set out for Fontainebleau, and

I and my children were obliged to follow them.

After a most disagreeable journey, I arrived at my destination in May, 1808, and was lodged in the palace, where my father and mother were already settled. They had been allowed the entire service of the imperial court; gentlemen, ladies, and guards, all were at their disposal.

As for me, I had only a paltry little apartment, scarcely large enough to allow of my family sleeping in it. I then thought of finding some country house, in which I might live quietly with my children, and the small number of attendants I had brought with me. During our residence at Bayonne, I had myself said to Bonaparte, that it appeared to me more desirable to be separated from my father and mother, and to live in a house of my own, with a distinct establishment, conformably to the circumstances in which I was placed, and he had approved of this plan. In consequence, from the first moment I arrived at Fontainebleau, I endeavoured to realize that plan. After a number of difficulties, I succeeded in finding a pretty house called Passy; I hired it for a year, furnished

it, and fixed the day when I was to take possession, the proprietors having intended to give me a dinner to receive me. My parents were informed of all these arrangements and approved of them; they said my plan was quite proper, and they already anticipated the pleasure they should have in coming to see me. I proceeded with my preparations without the least idea that any person in the world could disapprove of them. Notwithstanding, on the arrival of the day fixed for my departure, I was refused post horses, upon the pretence that there were none to be had at the moment. I was under the necessity of sending for hired horses; some were found for the next day, and in the evening I took leave of my parents. I got into the carriage with my children, on the morning of the day I was expected at my new residence; but we had scarcely reached the outer railing of the palace, when I was stopped and forced to turn back, accompanied by a general, who with an affectation of sorrow, informed me that he had received orders to prevent my departure, and to place two sentinels in the court of my apartments, which was accordingly done immediately. I

was thus, to my great confusion, saddled with expences, to meet which my means were inadequate; for the proprietors of the house obliged me to pay a whole year's rent, the same as if I had been in possession of it, besides making me responsible for all the money they had expended in putting the apartments in a state to receive me. I endeavoured to dissemble my chagrin, and to appear superior to the vexations which I was made to suffer; but the strongest mind cannot command its physical strength, and mine had undergone such commotions, that I began at that time to experience convulsive fits, to which I was subject for three years, and during which I was not mistress of myself. There was not a single person at the court of France, from the highest to the lowest, who was not affected by my situation, or pitied my misfortunes; those who were most nearly connected with me by the ties of blood told me that it was Bonaparte's affair, and that I should write to him. I did so, but the answer I received was just what I might have expected: "that I was wrong, and that I must remain with my parents."

Some days afterwards they received an

order to go to Compiègne, in which order I was included. We arrived there on the 18th of June, after a journey which everything had been studied to make disagreeable. My father and mother had the enjoyment of the palace, the gardens, the wood, and all the dependencies. As to us, we were assigned an apartment looking into the court, the most melancholy and disagreeable that was to be found in the palace.

On our arrival in that place I demanded payment of the first year of our pension; but I was astonished to learn that the government had thought proper to keep back 12,000 francs per month, to pay the charges of our journey and other expences, although it seemed but fair that those of our journey from Bayonne to Compiègne should be paid by France. M. Goupy, my agent at Paris, addressed a note to the minister of the treasury, stating that *prisoners* had never been made to pay the expences of their removal. The minister advised M. Goupy to take back his note, and to moderate his zeal for my service. None of my representations were listened to, and I was compelled to submit to that deduction, besides that I

never could obtain any pension whatever for my children, although they had an incontestible right to it, as Infants of Spain. In reply to my representations on that head, they produced me the imperial almanack, in which they were not entered in that quality, and that almanack they told me; gave the law in all such matters. I had therefore no more than 33,000 francs per month to support myself, my children, and my establishment. In such a state, with a thousand causes of affliction and unhappiness, my health began to decline daily. The physician, knowing that my disease was only the effect of melancholy, ordered me to take exercise on horseback, and sometimes to go hunting. I adopted the first part of his prescription as soon as the payment of my monthly pension enabled me to buy a horse; but till that time I was compelled to walk about with my children, although it was the hottest season of the year, and all the world went out, either on beautiful horses or in a carriage. As to the second part of the prescription, that of hunting, it was found inconvenient to allow it me in the imperial domains; but the leader of the hunt *(capitaine*

des chasses) offered me a small piece of ground in a wood, which was his property, in these words, "Well, will it be agreeable to you to go upon a piece of ground which is my property? I beg you will accept my offer." I did so, and visited the spot from time to time.

In this manner I passed the months of June, July, and August; after which my parents began to talk of quitting Compiègne, on account of my father's health, with which the climate did not agree; they obtained leave to go to Marseilles. They then declared to me that it was their absolute pleasure that I should still accompany them, and used every means of persuading me to consent to it. But on this occasion, I determined to remain where I was, and made them understand that my family, my interests, and my privileges were quite distinct from theirs, and that it was much better for us to be separated. At last they departed on the 16th of September, and I remained in the palace after them. I then renewed my application for an increase of my pension, and for that purpose sent several persons to the emperor with letters on the subject; but I

got nothing from him but ambiguous or unsatisfactory answers, or none at all. At last however I received an order to retire to Parma, where I was told, the palace of Colorno was allotted to me with all its dependencies; and marshal Duroc, the duke of Frioul, informed my chamberlain, count Guicciardini, who went to talk to him about my affairs, that Bonaparte wished me to go to Parma, where he had given me the palace, and that immediately on our arrival, my pension would be increased to 50,000 francs per month.

At the same time he insisted on our being ready to depart on the 5th of April, 1809. In vain I represented that my son was seriously ill (which was quite true) and that I was myself scarcely recovered from a rather severe indisposition; all that was not sufficient to delay our departure for an instant; it took place on the day fixed, the 5th of April, nine months after our arrival at Compiègne. At the very moment of our departure, I received a letter from Napoleon, wishing me a pleasant voyage, and expressing his wish that I might find myself pleasantly situated in the new

country I was going to, but without saying where that was.

Our journey was pleasant as far as Lyons, where, to my great surprize, I found that my people had been sent on before me, and that the hotel where I was, was surrounded by gendarmes. The commissary of police paid me a visit, and was followed by the prefect, who produced me an order of the government, directing that I was to proceed to Nice; and not to Parma; the prefect added in a very imperative tone, that it was desirable that I should depart immediately, although it was then midnight. By dint of entreaty, I got leave to remain where I was until next day, but these gentlemen never left us for a moment. The commissary of police remained all night in the anti-chamber, and the gendarmes waited below. We departed on the following day, but were obliged to go to Avignon by water, in a boat which I was obliged to pay, although I wished to travel by land. There was no resisting their commands, we were compelled to suffer all these disagreeables, and this ill-treatment, and for what? to make us

change our place of residence. One word would have been enough to insure my obedience.

Our journey by water lasted three days; when we got to Avignon, we proceeded by land, and on the 18th of April we arrived at Nice. From that city I made earnest applications to the government for the augmentation of my pension, which had been promised me on my arrival at Parma; but all my own supplications, and all the remonstrances of my faithful agent, Goupy, at Paris, were useless, and at last they ceased to take any notice of them whatever. I was obliged to hire a house in the environs of the town. In this manner the fine promises made me were fulfilled.

I was then in a state of the greatest affliction; no sort of attention was paid to my family, but the most trifling order which arrived on our account, was executed with a degree of severity, which kept me in a state of constant alarm and terror. What most annoyed me was, to know that the life of my son was in the power of so atrocious a tyrant. This constant agita-

tion, and the uncertainty as to all our means of subsistence, dependant as we were, on the caprice of a man who had shewn himself so disloyal in the observance of his promises, and who made no scruple of sending us about from place to place, under every possible circumstance of distress and inconvenience—all this, joined to the temptation which a view of the sea raised in my mind, made me conceive the plan of withdrawing myself and my children from tyranny, and throwing ourselves into the arms of England, in the hope, that as she had been at all times the refuge and consolation of unfortunate princes, she would take an unfortunate family, abandoned by the whole world, and which had become the sport of a tyrant, under her protection.

I took all the measures I conceived proper for the execution of my plan; but just as I was on the point of accomplishing it, (this was on the 6th of April, 1811) about one in the morning, the commissary of general police, with the captain of gendarmes entered my house, with a detachment, while other persons of his brigade

scaled the two walls of the garden. My residence was suddenly transformed into a court of justice. Soldiers armed with handcuffs, ropes, and two bags, entered my house under pretence that there was an Englishman concealed in it. Sentinels were placed at every door, and a most rigorous search was made. They carried off all my papers that suited them, and took away with them my first usher and my maitre d'hôtel, who were sent prisoners to Paris. I learned that the persons who had undertaken my mission had been arrested. As to me, my pension was suspended. The government which had discovered my plan, allowed it to go on until the moment of its execution, and then followed this insult, greater than could have been offered to the most guilty plebeian, of seeing my house filled with police officers, who remained there two whole hours. After that, four months passed over, during which the offence seemed to have been forgotten.

When I saw that all my hopes had completely failed, I wrote to Bonaparte himself, assuring him that the blame must fall en-

tirely on me, and exculpating all who had been suspected of favoring my interests.

Shortly after I learned that I was to be publicly tried by a court martial. At the end of a few more days, on the 2nd of August, on my return from church, I found the commissary of police, holding in his hand the sentence which had been publickly pronounced to my great confusion; after reading it, he informed me that by the clemency of the emperor, I was only to be shut up in a monastery, with my daughter, and that my son was to be sent to my father and mother.

Only twenty-four hours elasped between this order and its execution. In that short space I was condemned to be separated from a son whom I loved most tenderly, from a house which in losing me lost everything, and from all my property. I travelled night and day with my daughter, with only one lady to accompany us, besides a female servant and a physician; and to complete our party, we had the wretch of a commissary, who shewed the most brutal insensibility, when he saw the tears I shed for the loss of my son, just torn from my arms.

Every sort of rudeness which could be thought of to insult me during our journey, he made use of; we were in addition exposed to the insults of the populace, who murmured at seeing a carriage filled with women followed by a police officer. In this manner, at the end of ten days, we arrived at Rome in the evening. At the last post, I was delivered into the custody of an officer of the Roman police; and about nine o'clock in the evening we reached the monastery, the prioress of which, with a single light in her hand, came to the door to receive us; neither bed, supper, nor chamber were prepared for the queen of Etruria and her daughter.

I remained two years and a half in this monastery, and a whole year without seeing a soul, without speaking to a creature, and without being allowed to write or to receive news, not even of my own son. I was put into an apartment which looked into the inner court, and I was forbid to appear at any of the outer windows. Exactly a month after my entrance into the convent, Janet, intendant of the treasury, paid me a visit, and took from me the jewels I had brought with

me,* after which I was allowed a pension of 2500 francs per month for my support. I had passed eleven months in the convent, when my parents arrived at Rome on the 16th of July, 1812. I was in hopes of being set at liberty immediately after; but far from that, in place of the severity with which I was treated being diminished, I was placed under greater restrictions than ever; and their cruelty was even carried so far as to forbid my father, or any of the members of my family, from approaching the convent themselves, or sending any messenger there. Once a month only, sometimes at greater intervals, general Miollis brought my parents and my son to visit me, but I was not allowed to kiss the dear child more than once; or even to look at him but at a distance, and always in the presence of witnesses. These rare visits lasted only a quarter of an hour, or twenty minutes at most. In this sorrowful state I remained during two years and a half, so sompletely cut off from all intercourse with the world, that when a stranger came

* They were restored afterwards, at least a part of of them.

to visit the monastery, I was ordered to shut myself up in my chamber, and not allowed to quit it, until the prioress sent me word that the visitor had departed. General Miollis came frequently to see me, not only in the unworthy capacity of gaoler, but to insult my fallen situation with his sardonic laugh and insolent speeches.

During these last months, my health had suffered so much that I was obliged to keep my bed. The physician, as well as the prioress herself, sent urgent applications to Paris, backed by the certificates of medical men, in order to obtain, if not my enlargement, at least sufficient liberty to take exercise; but no answer was returned, and perhaps nothing would have pleased the then sovereign of France better, than to hear of my death under such circumstances; the death of an individual of the house of Bourbon being to him a source of triumph and rejoicing; and that rejoicing I should certainly have afforded him, if my cruel situation had lasted much longer. But Providence, which watches with particular care over innocence, opened a means for my deliverance.

By the treaty of Murat with the allies, Rome was occupied by the Neapolitan troops, and I began to breathe in expectation of a change of government. Miollis, however, used all his efforts to induce my parents to shut themselves up with him in the castle; as for me he threatened to send me to Civita-Vecchia, and God knows what he meant to have done with me. However, on the 14th of January 1814, no doubt very unexpectedly, a Neapolitan guard came to the convent, and on the following day, general Pignatelli paid me a visit to tell me, that immediately on the arrival of the Neapolitan troops, he had felt it his duty to place a guard of honor at my disposal. On the 17th of the same month the government was changed, and the new governor, M. de la Vauguyon, came to announce to me that I was free. I told him that I accepted my liberty, but that I should make no use of it, but to take air and exercise, until I had arranged my affairs, and that I should then take up my residence in some house along with my son. On the day following, however, as I was about to go to dinner, General Pignatelli came to see me, and

informed me that I was expected at my father's; there I had the pleasure of once more embracing my son, and my parents.

As soon as I quitted the monastery, I demanded an increase of my pension, as it was impossible for me to live on 2500 francs per month. Having spoken on the subject to Murat, when he passed through Rome on the 6th of February, he made a decree increasing it to 33,000 francs per month, which was subsequently diminished to 10,000; and that sum I have continued to receive.

Such is my calamitous history briefly told, but which I could spin out into volumes. It will show the remarkable vicissitudes of my fortune. I have been the unhappy victim of the blackest treachery, the puppet of a tyrant, who made a sport of our lives and properties, and am still in a state of the deepest affliction, destitute and degraded. I trust that England, the asylum of unfortunate princes, will not refuse to take under her protection an unhappy widow and mother, with two children depending upon her, and all three without any support; although we have the most indisputable rights as sovereigns of the

states of Parma, Placentia and Guastalla, as well as of Etruria. I trust that that kingdom, under whose tutelary government I was about to seek a refuge from the cruelty of barbarians, (an attempt, the discovery of which added so much to my sufferings,) will now be our support and protection, and, with the concurrence of the other allied powers, the instrument for restoring myself and my children to our legitimate rights.

Rome, 10*th of March*, 1814.

THE END.

Howlett and Brimmer, Printers, 10, Frith Street, Soho.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 20 February, 2016